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SHAKESPEARE'S
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM J. ROLFE.



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SHAKESPEARE'S
TRAGEDY OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

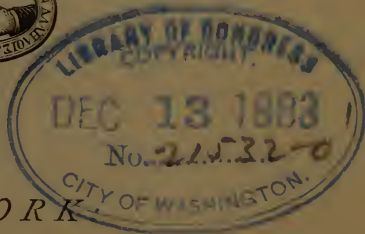
EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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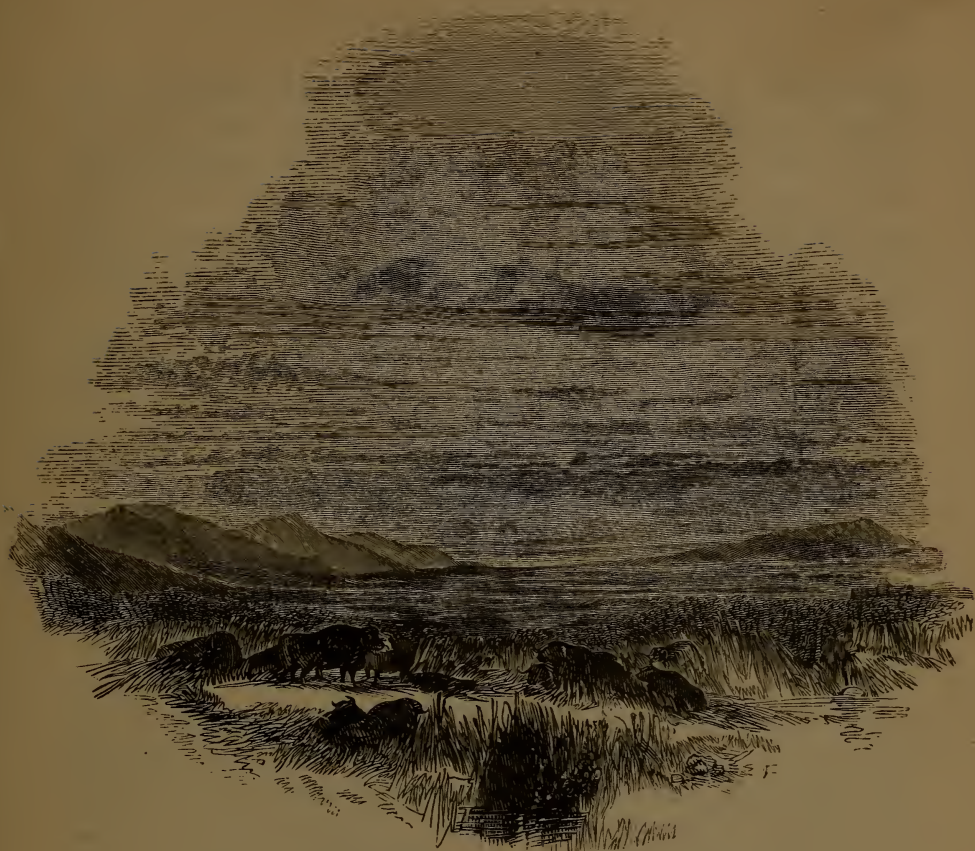
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P R E F A C E.

It was my purpose to omit *Titus Andronicus* from this edition of Shakespeare, and I include it now only in deference to the advice of many friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Most of them agree with me that Shakespeare probably had little to do with writing the play; and one eminent critic—an Englishman, not an Irishman—has suggested that I print the entire text in small type, like the non-Shakespearian portions of *Timon* and *Pericles*. It seems to me, however, very like a “bull” to print a play as nominally Shakespeare’s while allowing him no possible share in its authorship. I prefer to put it all in the ordinary type, to allow the advocates of its authenticity their full say in its behalf (as I have done in the Introduction), and to leave the student or reader to decide for himself, if he can, how much of it is Shakespeare’s.

The text is given without expurgation.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 25, 1883.



THE PONTINE MARSHES, ROME.

INTRODUCTION
TO
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE earliest known edition of *Titus Andronicus* is a quarto published in 1600, with the following title-page (as given in the Cambridge ed.):

The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus* |

Andronicus. | As it hath sundry times beene playde by the
 | Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the | Earl of
 Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine
 theyr | Seruants. | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for Ed-
 ward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the
 little | North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun.
 1600.

A second quarto was published in 1611, the title-page being as follows:

The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | of *Titus Andronicus.*
 | *As it hath sundry | times beene plaide by the Kings* | Maies-
 ties Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed for Eedward White, and
 are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore
 of | Pauls, at the signe of the | Gun. 1611.

“This edition was printed from that of 1600, from which it varies only by some printer’s errors and a few conjectural alterations.

“The 1st folio text was printed from a copy of the 2d quarto, which perhaps was in the library of the theatre, and had some MS. alterations and additions made to the stage-directions. Here, as elsewhere, the printer of the folio has been very careless as to metre. It is remarkable that the folio contains a whole scene (iii. 2) not found in the quartos, but agreeing too closely in style with the main portion of the play to allow of the supposition that it is due to a different author. The scene may have been supplied to the players’ copy of the 2d quarto from a manuscript in their possession.

“In the Registers of the Stationers’ Company are the following entries with regard to a book called ‘Titus Andronicus,’ but it is more than doubtful whether any of them refer to the editions of the play of that name which have come down to us. It will be seen that the entry under the date, 19 April, 1602, speaks of a transference of copyright from Thomas Millington to Thomas Pavier, but as both the ex-

tant editions of the play, printed respectively in 1600 and 1611, were published by Edward White, the entry can have reference to neither of these :

6 February, 1593.

John Danter. Entered for his copye under handes of bothe the wardens a booke intituled, A Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus. vj^d.

1602. 19 April.

Tho. Pavier. Entred for his copies by assignm^t from Thomas Millington these bookes folowing; salvo jure cuiuscumque—
viz.

A booke called Thomas of Reading. vj^d.

The first and second pts of Henry the VI^t. ij bookes. xij^d.

A booke called Titus and Andronic'. vj^d.

Under the date, 14 Dec. 1624, among a list of 'Ballades' is mentioned 'Titus and Andronmus.' Again, on 8 Novemb. 1630, is an entry assigning to Ric. Cotes from Mr. Bird 'all his estate right title and interest in the Copies hereafter menconed,' and in the list which follows is 'Titus and Andronicus.' On 4 Aug. 1626, Thomas Pavier had assigned his right in *Titus Andronicus* to Edw. Brewster and Rob. Birde, so that apparently the same book is spoken of here as in the entry under the date 19 April, 1602. This being the case, it is difficult to account for the fact that a book which in 1602 was the property of Thomas Millington should in 1600 have been printed for Edward White, and that, after the transference of the copyright from Millington to Pavier, a second edition of the same book should have been printed in 1611 for the same Edward White. No edition with Millington's name on the title has yet been found.

"Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, p. 464 (ed. 1691) says of *Titus Andronicus*, 'This play was first printed 4^o. Lond. 1594. and acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their Servants.' Whether or not this is the same as 'titus and ondronicus' mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 33, ed. Collier) as acted for the first

time on the 23 Jan. 1593, it is impossible to say" (Camb. ed.).

Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines of the Life of S.* 2d ed. p. 72) assumes that Henslowe's play is the one ascribed to Shakespeare. He says: "In the winter-season of 1593-4, Shakespeare's earliest tragedy, which was unfortunately based on a repulsive tale, was brought out by the Earl of Sussex's actors, who were then performing, after a tour in the provinces, at one of the Surrey theatres. They were either hired by, or playing under some financial arrangement with, Henslowe, who, after the representation of a number of revivals, ventured upon the production of a drama on the story of 'Titus Andronicus, the only new play introduced during the season. This tragedy, having been successfully produced* before a large audience on January the 23d, 1594, was shortly afterwards entered on the books of the Stationers' Company and published by Danter. It was also performed, almost if not quite simultaneously, by the servants of the Earls of Derby and Pembroke." †

Fleay gives this brief summary of critical opinion concern-

* This may be inferred from the number of representations, its timely publication, and from several early notices. Ben Jonson, writing in 1614, thus refers to its popularity: "hee that will sweare Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best playes, yet shall passe unexcepted at heere as a man whose judgement shewes it is constant and hath stood still these five and twentie or thirty yeeres" (Ind. to *Bartholomew Fair*). Jonson hardly means here to convey the idea of a precise date, but merely that both the dramas to which he alludes were then very old plays. . . . In an inventory of the theatrical costume at the Rose Theatre in March, 1598-9, mention is made of "the More's lymes," which Malone suspects "were the limbs of Aaron the Moor in *Titus Andronicus*," who in the original play was probably tortured on the stage.

† This appears from the earlier issue of 1594, recorded by Langbaine [see above] as "acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their servants." That Langbaine has written Essex by error for Sussex is evident from the title-page of the edition of 1600 and from the half-title on the first page of that of 1611.

ing the play (*Manual*, p. 44): "In 1687 there was a tradition reported by Ravenscroft that this play was only touched by Shakespeare. Theobald, Johnson, Farmer, Steevens, Drake, Singer, Dyce, Hallam, H. Coleridge, W. S. Walker, reject it entirely. Malone, Ingleby, Staunton, think it was touched up by him. Capell, Collier, Knight, Gervinus, Ulrici, and many Germans, think it to be Shakespeare's; R. G. White, that it is a joint work of Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare."* He adds his own opinion that the play "is not Shakespeare's; it is built on the Marlowe blank-verse system, which Shakespeare in his early work opposed; and did not belong to Shakespeare's company till 1600."

Verplanck, whom we quote at length below, agrees with Knight.

Stokes (*Chron. Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, p. 3) says: "That Shakespeare had some connection with a play upon the subject seems to be placed beyond doubt by the mention of Meres, and by the insertion in the 1st folio; but if the play as given in that edition be the one which is connected with our poet's name—as indeed seems probable from a consideration of several passages in it (see Mr. H. B. Wheatley, *New. Shaks. Soc. Trans.* 1874, pp. 126-129)—then the classical allusions, the peculiar words, etc., compel us to adopt Ravenscroft's tradition that it is only an old play revised by Shakespeare. In what year this revision took place it is very difficult to say; of course, it must have been before 1598, when Meres mentions it, and therefore before the Pembroke and other companies were merged into the

* After giving "the evidence in the case," White asks if it does not "warrant the opinion that *Titus Andronicus* was written, about 1587-89, by Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare together for the Earl of Pembroke's and perhaps other companies, and that (popular as we know it was) the Lord Chamberlain's Servants afterwards secured it, as well as the services of the youngest of its authors, exclusively for themselves, and that he subjected it to the same revision which, under like circumstances, he gave to the earlier versions of *King Henry VI.*"

Lord Chamberlain's company, at which time Mr. Fleay thinks several old plays (*Titus Andronicus* being one) passed into the hands of the corps to which Shakespeare belonged. The adaptation was probably early in his dramatic career, though Jonson's reference in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair* must surely be to the old play."

Furnivall ("Leopold" ed. p. xxii.) says: "To me, as to Hallam and many others, the play declares as plainly as play can speak, 'I am not Shakspeare's: my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not, and never were, his.' I accept the tradition that Ravenscroft reports when he revived and altered the play in 1687, that it was brought to Shakspeare to be touched up and prepared for the stage."

Hudson ("Harvard" ed. vol. xiii. p. 4) says: "Nearly all the best critics, from Theobald downwards, are agreed that very little of this play was written by Shakespeare. And such is decidedly my own judgment now, though some thirty years ago, in 'my salad days,' I wrote and printed otherwise. . . . The question, by whom the main body of the play was written, is not so easily answered, and perhaps is hardly worth a detailed investigation. . . . I agree substantially with Mr. White and Mr. Fleay as to Marlowe's share in the workmanship."

Dowden says (*Primer*, p. 61): "The importance of this tragedy lies in the fact that, if Shakspeare wrote it, we find him as a young man carried away by the influence of a *Sturm und Drang* (storm and stress) movement similar to that which urged Schiller to write his *Robbers*. *Titus Andronicus* belongs essentially to the pre-Shaksperian group of bloody tragedies, of which Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* is the most conspicuous example. If it is of Shaksperian authorship, it may be viewed as representing the years of crude and violent youth before he had found his true self; his second tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, as representing the years of transition; and *Hamlet*, the period of maturity and adult

power." He adds that if Henslowe's *Titus and Andronicus* is the present play and was then new, it is certainly not by our poet. "It is impossible to believe that in 1594, when Shakspeare had written his *Venus and Adonis* and his *Lucrece*, he could have dealt so coarsely with details of outrage and unnatural cruelty as does the author of this tragedy." He considers that "the opinion best supported by internal evidence and by the weight of critical authority" is that which regards the play as belonging to the period (1589, or earlier) to which Jonson's allusion would carry it back, and as having been only "touched by Shakspeare."

For ourself we cannot believe that Shakespeare had any larger share in the composition of the play than Ravenscroft allows him. The bits which Mr. Wheatley assigns to him are the following: i. i. 9 ("Romans, friends, followers," etc., echoed by Mark Antony in *J. C.* iii. 2. 75), ii. i. 82, 83 ("She is a woman," etc., like *Rich. III.* i. 2. 228, 229 and *1 Hen. VI.* v. 3. 78, 79), i. i. 70-76, 117-119 (cf. *M. of V.* iv. i. 183 fol.), i. i. 141, 142, ii. 2. 1-6, ii. 3. 10-15, iii. i. 82-86, 91-97, iv. 4. 81-86, v. 2. 21-27, and v. 3. 160-168. These may well be Shakespeare's, and possibly other passages that rise above the general level of the play. It may at first seem strange that his name should have come to be associated with a work in which we find so few traces of his hand; but he may have improved the old play in other ways than by rewriting any considerable portion of it—by omissions, re-arrangement of scenes, and the like—and its great popularity in the revised form may have led to its being commonly known as "Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*" (in distinction from the earlier version, whosoever it may have been), until at length it got to be generally regarded as one of his original productions.

The verdict of the editors and critics is so nearly unanimous against the authenticity of the play that the burden of proof clearly rests with the other side; and as we are will-

ing to allow them the fullest and best presentation of their case that has yet been made, we give below the arguments of Knight and Verplanck almost without abridgment.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

Theobald says: "The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol." When Danter registered the "Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus" on the 6th of February, 1593 (see p. 11 above), he entered also "by warrant from Mr. Woodcock, the ballad thereof;" and some have thought that this ballad was the basis of the play. If, however, it be the ballad given in Percy's *Reliques* (reprinted in our *Notes* below), it is quite as likely that the poem was founded on the play.* The story seems to have been a popular one. It is mentioned in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*; and there is an allusion to it in *A Knack to Know a Knave*, a comedy printed in 1594.

In Henslowe's *Diary*, besides the play mentioned above as brought out in the winter of 1593-4, there is record of a "tittus and Vespasia" acted "by Lord Strange's men" on the 11th of April, 1591; and in a "tragedy of Titus Andronicus" acted in Germany about the year 1600 by English players, a Vespasian is one of the principal characters. Mr. Albert Cohn (*Shakespeare in Germany*, 1865) assumes that "this Vespasian, like all the other characters of the German piece, was taken from the original *Titus Andronicus*, and

* "Throughout the ballad there is evident effort to compress all the incidents of the story within as brief a relation as possible; and this is not the style of a ballad written for the ballad's sake" (W.).

thus we should have to acknowledge *Titus and Vespasian* as the original on which Shakespeare's play was founded." Henslowe marks the 1591 play as "*ne*," or new, and it was often performed between that time and 1593. The *Titus Andronicus* then brought out, and also marked "*ne*," may have been a recast of the former piece.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Knight's "*Pictorial Shakspeare*."*]

The external evidence that bears upon the authorship of *Titus Andronicus* is of two kinds:

1. The testimony which assigns the play to Shakspeare, wholly, or in part.
2. The testimony which fixes the period of its original production.

The *direct* testimony of the first kind is unimpeachable: Francis Meres, a contemporary, and probably a friend of Shakspeare—a man intimately acquainted with the literary history of his day—not writing even in the later period of Shakspeare's life, but as early as 1598—compares, for tragedy, the excellence of Shakspeare among the English, with Seneca among the Latins, and says, witness, "for tragedy, his *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*."

The *indirect* testimony is nearly as important. The play is printed in the first folio edition of the poet's collected works—an edition published within seven years after his death by his intimate friends and "fellows:" and that edition contains an entire scene not found in either of the previous quarto editions which have come down to us. That edition does not contain a single other play upon which a doubt of the authorship has been raised; for even those who deny the entire authorship of *Henry VI.* to Shakspeare, have no doubt as to the partial authorship.

* *Doubtful Plays*, etc. (2d ed. 1867), p. 46 fol.

Against this testimony of the editors of the first folio, that Shakspeare was the author of *Titus Andronicus*, there is only one fact to be opposed—that his name is not on the title-page of either of the quarto editions, although those editions show us that it was acted by the company to which Shakspeare belonged. But neither was the name of Shakspeare affixed to the first editions of *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *Henry IV.*, Part I. ; nor to the first three editions of *Romeo and Juliet*; nor to *Henry V.* These similar facts, therefore, leave the testimony of Hemings and Condell unimpeached.

But the evidence of Meres that Shakspeare was the author of *Titus Andronicus*, in the same sense in which he assigns him the authorship of *Romeo and Juliet*—that of being the sole author—is supposed to be shaken by the testimony of a writer who came nearly a century after Meres. Malone says—"On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. 'I have been told' (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687), 'by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his [Shakspeare's], but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters.'" A few lines further on Malone quotes Langbaine, who refers to this tradition; and he therefore ought to have told us what Langbaine says with regard to Ravenscroft's assertion. We will supply the deficiency. Langbaine first notices an early edition of *Titus Andronicus*, now lost, printed in 1594; he adds—"T was

about the time of the Popish Plot revived and altered by Mr. Ravenscroft." Ravenscroft was a living author when Langbaine published his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, in 1691; and the writer of that account says, with a freedom that is seldom now adopted except in anonymous criticism—"Though he would be thought to imitate the silk-worm, that spins its web from its own bowels; yet I shall make him appear like the leech, that lives upon the blood of men." This is introductory to an account of those plays which Ravenscroft claimed as his own. But, under the head of Shakspeare, Langbaine says that Ravenscroft boasts, in his preface to *Titus*, "That he thinks it a greater theft to rob the dead of their praise than the living of their money;" and Langbaine goes on to show that Ravenscroft's practice "agrees not with his protestation," by quoting some remarks of Shadwell upon plagiarists, who insinuates that Ravenscroft got up the story that Shakspeare only gave some master-touches to *Titus Andronicus*, to exalt his own merit in having altered it. The play was revived "about the time of the Popish Plot"—1678. It was first *printed* in 1687, with this Preface. But Ravenscroft then *suppresses* the original Prologue; and Langbaine, with a quiet sarcasm, says—"I will here furnish him *with part of his Prologue*, which he has *lost*; and, if he desire it, send him the whole:

'To-day the poet does not fear your rage,
Shakespear, by him reviv'd, now treads the stage:
Under his sacred laurels he sits down,
 Safe from the blast of any critic's frown.
 Like other poets, he'll not proudly scorn
 To own that he but winnow'd *Shakespear's* corn;
 So far he was from robbing him of 's treasure,
 That he did add his own to make full measure.'"

Malone, we think, was bound to have given us all this—if the subject, of which he affects to make light, was worth the production of any evidence. We believe that, with this com-

mentary, the tradition of Edward Ravenscroft will not outweigh the living testimony of Francis Meres.

We now come to the second point—the testimony which fixes the date of the original production of *Titus Andronicus*. There are two modes of viewing this portion of the evidence; and we first present it with the interpretation which deduces from it that the tragedy was *not* written by Shakspeare.

Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, first acted in 1614, says—"He that will swear *Jeronimo*, or *Andronicus*, are the best plays *yet*, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well." Percy offers the following comment upon this passage, in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*:—"There is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, in 1614, as one that had been then exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years;' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, when Shakespeare was but twenty-five: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces." It is scarcely necessary to point out, that with the views we have uniformly entertained as to the commencement of Shakspeare's career as a dramatic author, the proof against his authorship of *Titus Andronicus* thus brought forward by Percy is to us amongst the most convincing reasons for not hastily adopting the opinion that he was not its author. The external evidence of the authorship, and the external evidence of the date of the authorship, entirely coincide: each supports the other. The continuation of the argument derived from the early date of the play naturally runs into

the internal evidence of its authenticity. The fact of its early date is indisputable ; and here, for the present, we leave it.

We can scarcely subscribe to Mr. Hallam's strong opinion, given with reference to this question of the authorship of *Titus Andronicus*, that, "in criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony, when *res ipsa per se vociferatur* to the contrary." The *res ipsa* may be looked upon through very different media by different minds : *testimony*, when it is clear, and free from the suspicion of an interested bias, although it appear to militate against conclusions that, however strong, are not infallible, because they depend upon very nice analysis and comparison, must be received, more or less, and *cannot* be doggedly resisted. Mr. Hallam says, "*Titus Andronicus* is now, by common consent, denied to be, in *any* sense, a production of Shakspeare." Who are the interpreters of the "common consent?" Theobald, Jonson, Farmer, Steevens, Malone, M. Mason. These critics are wholly of one school ; and we admit that they represent the "common consent" of their own school of English literature upon this point—till within a few years the only school. But there is another school of criticism, which maintains that *Titus Andronicus* is, in *every* sense, a production of Shakspeare. The German critics, from W. Schlegel to Ulrici, agree to reject the "common consent" of the English critics. The subject, therefore, cannot be hastily dismissed ; the external testimony cannot be doggedly resisted. But, in entering upon the examination of this question with the best care we can bestow, we consider that it possesses an importance much higher than belongs to the proof, or disproof, from the internal evidence, that this painful tragedy was written by Shakspeare. The question is not an isolated one. It requires to be treated with a constant reference to the state of the early English drama—the probable tendencies of the poet's own mind at the period of his

first dramatic productions—the circumstances amidst which he was placed with reference to his audiences—the struggle which he must have undergone to reconcile the contending principles of the practical and the ideal, the popular and the true—the tentative process by which he must have advanced to his immeasurable superiority over every contemporary. It is easy to place *Titus Andronicus* by the side of *Hamlet*, and to say—the one is a low work of art, the other a work of the highest art. It is easy to say that the versification of *Titus Andronicus* is not the versification of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. It is easy to say that Titus raves and denounces without moving terror or pity; but that Lear tears up the whole heart, and lays bare all the hidden springs of thought and passion that elevate madness into sublimity. But this, we venture to think, is not just criticism. We may be tempted, perhaps, to refine too much in rejecting all such sweeping comparisons; but what we have first to trace is relation, and not likeness;—if we find likeness in a single “trick and line,” we may indeed add it to the evidence of relation. But relation may be established even out of dissimilarity. No one who has deeply contemplated the progress of the great intellects of the world, and has traced the doubts, and fears, and throes, and desperate plunges of genius, can hesitate to believe that excellence in art is to be attained by the same process through which we may hope to reach excellence in morals—by contest, and purification—until habitual confidence and repose succeed to convulsive exertions and distracting aims. He that would rank amongst the heroes must have fought the good fight. *Energy* of all kinds has to work out its own subjection to principles, without which it can never become *power*. In the course of this struggle what it produces may be essentially unlike to the fruits of its after-peacefulness:—for the good has to be reached through the evil—the true through the false—the universal through the partial. The passage

we subjoin is from Franz Horn : and we think that it demands a respectful consideration :

“A mediocre, poor, and tame nature *finds itself* easily. It soon arrives, when it endeavours earnestly, at a knowledge of what it can accomplish, and what it cannot. Its poetical tones are single and gentle spring-breathings ; with which we are well pleased, but which pass over us almost trackless. A very different combat has the higher and richer nature to maintain with itself ; and the more splendid the peace, and the brighter the clearness, which it reaches through this combat, the more monstrous the fight which must have been incessantly maintained.

“Let us consider the richest and most powerful poetic nature that the world has ever yet seen ; let us consider Shakspeare, *as boy and youth*, in his circumscribed external situation—without one discriminating friend, without a patron, without a teacher—without the possession of ancient or modern languages—in his loneliness at Stratford, following an uncongenial employment ; and then, in the strange whirl of the so-called great world of London, contending for long years with unfavourable circumstances—in wearisome intercourse with this great world, which is, however, often found to be little ;—but also with nature, with himself, and with God :—What materials for the deepest contemplation ! This rich nature, thus circumstanced, desires to explain the enigma of the human being and the surrounding world. But it is not yet disclosed to himself. Ought he to wait for this ripe time before he ventures to dramatize ? Let us not demand anything superhuman : for, through the expression of error in song, will he find what accelerates the truth ; and well for him that he has no other sins to answer for than poetical ones, which later in life he has atoned for by the most glorious excellences !

“The elegiac tone of his juvenile poems allows us to imagine very deep passions in the youthful Shakspeare. But

this single tone was not long sufficient for him. He soon desired, from that stage 'which signifies the world' (an expression that Schiller might properly have invented for Shakspeare), to speak aloud what the world seemed to him—to him, the youth who was not yet able thoroughly to penetrate this seeming. Can there be here a want of colossal errors? Not merely single errors. No: we should have a whole drama which is diseased at its very root—which rests upon one single monstrous error. Such a drama is this *Titus*. The poet had here nothing less in his mind than to give us a grand Doomsday-drama. But what, as a man, was possible to him in *Lear*, the youth could not accomplish. He gives us a torn-to-pieces world, about which Fate wanders like a bloodthirsty lion—or as a more refined and more cruel tiger, tearing mankind, good and evil alike, and blindly treading down every flower of joy. Nevertheless a better feeling reminds him that some repose must be given; but he is not sufficiently confident of this, and what he does in this regard is of little power. The personages of the piece are not merely heathens, but most of them embittered and blind in their heathenism; and only some single aspirations of something better can arise from a few of the best among them—aspirations which are breathed so gently as scarcely to be heard amidst the cries of desperation from the bloody waves that roar almost deafeningly."

The eloquent critic adds, in a note—"Is it not as if there sounded through the whole piece a comfortless complaint of the incomprehensible and hard lot of all earthly? Is it not as if we heard the poet speaking with Faust—"All the miseries of mankind seize upon me?" Or, with his own *Hamlet*:

'How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O, fie! 't is an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.'

And now, let us bethink ourselves, in opposition to this terrible feeling, of the sweet blessed peacefulness which speaks from out all the poet's more matured dramas ; for instance, from the inexhaustibly joyful-minded *As You Like It*. Such a contest followed by such a victory !"

It is scarcely necessary to point out that this argument of the German critic is founded upon the simple and intelligible belief that Shakspeare is, in *every* sense of the word, the author of *Titus Andronicus*. Here is no attempt to compromise the question, by the common English babble that "Shakspeare may have written a few lines in this play, or given some assistance to the author in revising it." This is Malone's opinion, founded upon Ravenscroft's idle tradition ; and in his posthumous edition, by Boswell, "those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced are marked with inverted commas." This was the system which Malone pursued with *Henry VI.* ; and it was founded upon a most egregious fallacy. . . . It is not with us a question whether the passages which Malone has marked exhibit, or not, the critic's poetical taste : the passages could not have been written except by the man, whoever he be, who conceived the action and the characterization. Take the single example of the character of Tamora. She is the presiding genius of the piece ; and in her we see, as we believe, the outbreak of that wonderful conception of the union of powerful intellect and moral depravity which Shakspeare was afterwards to make manifest with such consummate wisdom. Strong passions, ready wit, perfect self-possession, and a sort of oriental imagination, take Tamora out of the class of ordinary women. It is in her mouth that we find, for the most part, what readers of Malone's school would call the poetical language of the play. We will select a few specimens (act ii. scene 3) :

"The birds chant melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
 Let us sit down."

Again, in the same scene :

"A barren detested vale, you see, it is :
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
 Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly."

In act iv. scene 4 :

"King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
 Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby ;
 Knowing that, with the shadow of his wing,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody."

And, lastly, where the lines are associated with the high imaginative conception of the speaker, that she was to personate Revenge :

"Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :
 I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light."

The first two of these passages are marked by Malone as the additions of Shakspeare to the work of an inferior poet.

If we had adopted Malone's theory we should have marked the two other passages ; and have gone even further in our selection of the poetical lines spoken by Tamora. But we hold that the lines could not have been produced, according to Malone's theory, even by Shakspeare. Poetry, and especially dramatic poetry, is not to be regarded as a bit of joiner's work—or, if you please, as an affair of jewelling and enamelling. The lines which we have quoted may not be amongst Shakspeare's highest things ; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power—bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvas, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with colour and expression. To imagine that the great passages of a drama are produced like “a copy of verses,” under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspeare to the coarser delineations of some other man. Aaron, the Moor, in his general conception is an unmitigated villain—something alien from humanity—a fiend, and therefore only to be detested. But Shakspeare, by that insight which, however imperfectly developed, must have distinguished his earliest efforts, brings Aaron into the circle of humanity ; and then he is a thing which moves us, and his punishment is poetical justice. One touch does this—his affection for his child :

“Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.”

Did Shakspeare put in these lines, and the previous ones which evolve the same feeling, under the system of a cool editorial mending of a second man's work? The system may do for an article; but a play is another thing. Did Shakspeare put these lines into the mouth of Lucius, when he calls to his son to weep over the body of Titus?

“Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so.”

Malone has not marked these; they are too simple to be included in his poetical gems. But are they not full to overflowing of those deep thoughts of human love which the great poet of the affections has sent into so many welcoming hearts? Malone marks with his commas the address to the tribunes at the beginning of the third act. The lines are lofty and rhetorical; and a poet who had undertaken to make set speeches to another man's characters might perhaps have added these. Dryden and Tate did this service for Shakspeare himself. But Malone does not mark *one* line which has no rhetoric in it, and does not *look* like poetry. The old man has given his hand to the treacherous Aaron, that he may save the lives of his sons: but the messenger brings him the heads of those sons. It is for Marcus and Lucius to burst into passion. The father, for some space, speaks not; and then he speaks but one line:

“*When will this fearful slumber have an end?*”

Did Shakspeare make this line to order? The poet who wrote the line conceived the whole situation, and he could not have conceived the situation unless the whole dramatic

movement had equally been his conception. Such things must be wrought out of the red-heat of the whole material—not filled up out of cold fragments. . . .

Horn has a very just remark on the language of *Titus Andronicus*: "Foremost we may recognize with praise the almost never-wearying power of the language, wherein no *shift* is ever used. We know too well how often, in many French and German tragedies, the princes and princesses satisfy themselves to silence with a necessary *Hélas! Oh Ciel! O Schicksal!* (O Fate!) and similar cheap outcries; but Shakspeare is quite another man, who, for every degree of pain, knew how to give the right tone and the right colour. In the bloody sea of this drama, in which men can scarcely keep themselves afloat, this, without doubt, must have been peculiarly difficult." We regard this decided language, this absence of stage conventionalities, as one of the results of the power which the poet possessed of distinctly conceiving his situations with reference to his characters. The *Ohs!* and *Ahs!* and *Heavens!* of the English stage, as well as the *O Ciel!* of the French, are a consequence of feebleness, exhibiting itself in commonplaces. The greater number of the *old* English dramatists, to do them justice, had the same power as the author of *Titus Andronicus* of grappling with words which they thought fitting to the situations. But their besetting sin was in the constant use of that "huffing, braggart, puft" language, which Shakspeare never employs in the dramas which all agree to call his, and of which there is a very sparing portion even in *Titus Andronicus*. The temptation to employ it must have been great indeed; for when, in every scene, the fearful energies of the action

"On horror's head horrors accumulate,"

it must have required no common forbearance, and therefore no common power, to prescribe that the words of the actors should not

“*Outface* the brow of bragging horror.”

The son of Tamora is to be killed ; as he is led away she exclaims :

“Oh ! cruel, irreligious piety !

Titus kills Mutius : the young man’s brother earnestly says :

“My lord, you are unjust.”

When Tamora prescribes their terrible wickedness to her sons, Lavinia remonstrates :

“O ! Tamora, thou bear’st a woman’s face.”

When Marcus encounters his mutilated niece there is much poetry, but no raving. When woe upon woe is heaped upon Titus we have no imprecations :

“For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ’d with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.”

In one situation, after Titus has lost his hand, Marcus says :

“Oh ! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.”

What are the deep extremes ? The unhappy man has scarcely risen into metaphor, much less into braggardism :

“O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—What, wilt thou kneel with me ? [*To Lavinia.*
Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers
Or with our sighs we ’ll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.”

And in his very crowning agony we hear only :

“Why, I have not another tear to shed.”

It has been said, “There is not a shade of difference be-

tween the two Moors, Eleazar and Aaron.”* Eleazar is a character in *Lust's Dominion*, incorrectly attributed to Marlowe. Trace the cool, determined, sarcastic, remorseless villain, Aaron, through these blood-spilling scenes, and see if he speaks in “King Cambyzes’ vein,” as Eleazar speaks in the following lines :

“Now, Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
 Rhamnusia’s pew-fellow, to thee I’ll sing
 Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones—
 The proudest instrument the world affords ;
 When thou in crimson jollity shall bathe
 Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
 Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
 To thee that never blushest, though thy cheeks
 Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
 I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
 My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
 The volume of all wounds that wound from me ;
 Mine is the Stage, thine the Tragedy.”

But enough of this. It appears to us manifest that, although the author of *Titus Andronicus* did choose—in common with the best and the most popular of those who wrote for the early stage, but contrary to his after-practice—a subject which should present to his comparatively rude audiences the excitement of a succession of physical horrors, he was so far under the control of his higher judgment, that, avoiding their practice, he steadily abstained from making his “verses jet on the stages in tragical buskins ; every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun.”†

It is easy to understand how Shakspeare, at the period when he first entered upon those labours which were to build up a glorious fabric out of materials that had been

* C. A. Brown’s *Autobiographical Poems of Shakspeare*.

† Greene, 1588.

previously used for the basest purposes,—without models,—at first, perhaps, not voluntarily choosing his task, but taking the business that lay before him so as to command popular success,—ignorant, to a great degree, of the height and depth of his own intellectual resources,—not seeing, or dimly seeing, how poetry and philosophy were to elevate and purify the common staple of the coarse drama about him,—it is easy to conceive how a story of fearful bloodshed should force itself upon him as a thing that he could work into something better than the dumb show and fiery words of his predecessors and contemporaries. It was in after-years that he had to create the tragedy of passion. Lamb has beautifully described Webster, as almost alone having the power “to move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit.” Lamb adds, “writers of inferior genius mistake quantity for quality.” The remark is quite true; when examples of the higher tragedy are accessible, and when the people have learnt better than to require the grosser stimulant. Before Webster had written *The Duchess of Malfi*, and *Vittoria Corombona*, Shakspeare had produced *Lear* and *Othello*. But there were writers, *not* of inferior genius, who had committed the same mistake as the author of *Titus Andronicus*—who use blood as they would “the paint of the property man in the theatre.” Need we mention other names than Marlowe and Kyd? The “old *Feronimo*,” as Ben Jonson calls it,—perhaps the most popular play of the early stage, and, in many respects, a work of great power,—thus concludes, with a sort of Chorus spoken by a ghost :

“Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires.
Horatio murder'd in his father's bower;
Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain;

False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device ;
 Fair Isabella by herself misdome ;
 Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabb'd ;
 The duke of Castille, and his wicked son,
 Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
 By Belimperia fallen, as Dido fell ;
 And good Hieronimo slain by himself :
 Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul."

Here is murder enough to match even *Andronicus*. This slaughtering work was accompanied with another peculiarity of the unformed drama—the dumb show. Words were sometimes scarcely necessary for the exposition of the story ; and when they were, no great care was taken that they should be very appropriate or beautiful in themselves. Thomas Heywood, himself a prodigious manufacturer of plays in a more advanced period, writing as late as 1612, seems to look upon these semi-pageants, full of what the actors call "bustle," as the wonderful things of the modern stage : "To see, as I have seen, Hercules, in his own shape, hunting the boar, knocking down the bull, taming the hart, fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, pashing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chains, and, lastly, on his high pyramides writing *Nil ultra*—Oh, these were sights to make an Alexander."* With a stage that presented attractions like these to the multitude, is it wonderful that the boy Shakspeare should have written a Tragedy of Horrors ?

But Shakspeare, it is maintained, has given us no other tragedy constructed upon the principle of *Titus Andronicus*. Are we quite sure ? Do we know what the first *Hamlet* was ? We have one sketch, which may be most instructively compared with the finished performance ; but it has been conjectured, and we think with perfect propriety, that the *Hamlet* which was on the stage in 1589, and then sneered at by

* *An Apology for Actors.*

Nash, "has perished, and that the quarto of 1603 gives us the work in an intermediate state between the rude youthful sketch and the perfected *Hamlet*, which was published in 1604."* When we compare the quarto of 1603 with the perfected play, we have the rare opportunity, as we have formerly stated, "of studying the growth not only of our great poet's command over language—not only of his dramatical skill—but of the higher qualities of his intellect, his profound philosophy, his wonderful penetration into what is most hidden and obscure in men's characters and motives." All the *action* of the perfect *Hamlet* is to be found in the sketch published in 1603; but the profundity of the character is not all there—very far from it. We have little of the thoughtful philosophy, of the morbid feelings, of *Hamlet*. But let us imagine an earlier sketch, where that wonderful creation of *Hamlet's* character may have been still more unformed; where the poet may have simply proposed to exhibit in the young man a desire for revenge, combined with irresolution—perhaps even actual madness. Make *Hamlet* a common dramatic character, instead of one of the subtlest of metaphysical problems, and what is the tragedy? A tragedy of blood. It offends us not now, softened as it is, and almost hidden, in the atmosphere of poetry and philosophy which surrounds it. But look at it merely with reference to the *action*; and of what materials is it made? A ghost described; a ghost appearing; the play within a play, and that a play of murder; *Polonius* killed; the ghost again; *Opheelia* mad and self-destroyed; the struggle at the grave between *Hamlet* and *Laertes*; the queen poisoned; *Laertes* killed with a poisoned rapier; the king killed by *Hamlet*; and, last of all, *Hamlet's* death. No wonder *Fortinbras* exclaims:

"This quarry cries on havoc."

Again, take another early tragedy, of which we may well

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxi. p. 475.

believe that there was an earlier sketch than that published in 1597—*Romeo and Juliet*. We may say of the delicious poetry, as Romeo says of Juliet's beauty, that it makes the charnel-house "a feasting presence full of light." But imagine a *Romeo and Juliet* conceived in the immaturity of the young Shakspeare's power—a tale of love, but surrounded with horror. There is enough for the excitement of an un-instructed audience: the contest between the houses; Mercutio killed; Tybalt killed; the apparent death of Juliet; Paris killed in the churchyard; Romeo swallowing poison; Juliet stabbing herself. The marvel is, that the surpassing power of the poet should make us forget that *Romeo and Juliet* can present such an aspect. All the changes which we know Shakspeare made in *Hamlet*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, were to work out the peculiar theory of his mature judgment—that the terrible should be held, as it were, in solution by the beautiful, so as to produce a tragic consistent with pleasurable emotion. Herein he goes far beyond Webster. His art is a higher art.

[From Verplanck's "*Shakespeare*."*]

A great majority of the English Shakespearian editors, commentators, and critics, including some of the very highest names in literature, have concurred in rejecting this bloody and repulsive tragedy as wholly unworthy of Shakspeare, and therefore erroneously ascribed to him. Yet the external evidence of his authorship of the piece is exceedingly strong—indeed stronger than that for one half of his unquestioned works. It was repeatedly printed during the author's life;† the first time (as appears from the Stationers' Register and Langbaine's authority,—no copy being now

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. iii. p. 5 of *Titus Andronicus*.

† Verplanck apparently forgets that no edition bearing Shakspeare's name as author is known to have appeared during his life.—*Ed.*

known to be in existence) in 1593 or 1594, by J. Danter, who was also, in 1597, the publisher of *Romeo and Juliet*, in its original form. It was again reprinted in a quarto pamphlet in 1600 and in 1611. It was finally published in the first folio in 1623, and placed without question amongst the tragedies, between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The editors of this first collection of Shakespeare's "Comedies, and Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true originall copies," announced to their readers, in their preface, "the care and paine" they had taken so to publish "his writings, that where before you were abused with diverse stolen and surreptitious copies maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthe of injurious impostors; even these are now offered to view cured and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them." It is then difficult to believe that editors who thus professed to reject even imperfect copies of genuine plays, should have admitted without doubt a whole play in which their author had no hand. Nor can we suppose them likely to be mistaken in such a matter, when we recollect that these editors were Heminge and Condell, long the managers of a theatrical company which had represented this very play, and to whom its author could not well have been unknown; who were, moreover, for years Shakespeare's associates in theatrical concerns, and his personal friends, and who, in connection with the great original actor of *Othello* and *Richard, Hamlet* and *Lear*, are remembered by the poet in his will, by a bequest "to my fellows John Hemyng, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, to buy them rings."

These editors had besides given no slight proof of their care and fidelity on this point, by rejecting at least fourteen other plays ascribed by rumor, or by the unauthorized use of his name, to Shakespeare, and a part of which were afterwards added to their collection by the less scrupulous publishers of the folios of 1664 and of 1685.

Titus Andronicus is moreover unhesitatingly ascribed to Shakespeare by his contemporary Francis Meres, in the "Comparative discourse of our English Poets, with the Greek, Latine, and Italian Poets," contained in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. The list of Shakespeare's works there given by Meres has always been regarded as the best authority for the chronology of all the great poet's works mentioned in it, and it contains the title of no other piece that ever has been questioned as of doubtful authenticity. Meres is said by Schlegel to have been personally acquainted with the poet, and "so very intimately, that the latter read to him his sonnets before they were printed." I do not know on what authority he states this fact so strongly; yet it is remarkable that, in 1598, eleven years before Shakespeare's sonnets were printed, Meres had said "the sweete wittie soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared sonnets among his private friends." It is besides certain, on other authority, that Meres, at the date of his publication, was intimately connected with Drayton, and he was very familiar with the literature and literary affairs of his day.

Now all this chain of positive evidence applies, not merely to an obscure play unknown in its day, but to a piece which, with all its faults, suited the taste of the times, was several times reprinted, and was often acted, and that by different theatrical companies, one of which was that with which Shakespeare was himself connected. It would be without example, that the author of such a piece should have been content for years to have seen his work ascribed to another.

Indeed, we find no trace of any doubt on the subject, until 1687, nearly a century after the first edition, when Ravenscroft, who altered *Titus Andronicus* to make it apply to a temporary political purpose, asserted that he had "been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be

acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters." But Ravenscroft's tradition comes in a most suspicious shape, as he had some years before spoken of the piece as unquestionably and entirely Shakespeare's.

Thus it would really seem on the first view of the question, that it would be as extravagant an opinion to deny this play to be Shakespeare's, as it would be to reject the joint testimony of the editor of Sheridan's works, of his fellow managers in Covent Garden, and of the contemporary critics to the authenticity of any of his dramas, on account of its alleged or real inferiority to the other productions of that brilliant and irregular mind.

But all this external and collateral proof of authenticity is thrown aside by a host of critics, and this without any plausible attempt to explain how the error arose, and why it prevailed so generally and so long. Their argument rests almost entirely upon the manifest inferiority of this play of accumulated physical horrors, to its alleged author's other tragedies, and its difference from their style and versification, so great as to be judged incompatible with their proceeding from the same author. Thus Johnson observes, that "all the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing."

Mr. Hallam, a still higher authority in taste and in knowledge of the elder English literature, pronounces, with a dog-

matism quite unusual in his candid and guarded, as well as sure-sighted criticism, that "*Titus Andronicus* is now by common consent denied to be, in any sense, a production of Shakespeare's; very few passages, I should think not one, resemble his manner." He allows, indeed, the credit due to Meres's ordinary accuracy in his enumeration, but adds: "In criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony when *res ipsa vociferatur* to the contrary."

To these critics of the nobler class may be added the names of Malone, Steevens, Boswell, Seymour, and a host of others, including, I believe, all the commentating editors, except Capell, until within the last ten years. Some few of them, as Theobald and Perry, qualify this rejection by supposing that Shakespeare had added "a few fine touches" to the work of an inferior hand.

For myself, I cannot but think that Mr. Hallam's rejection of all external testimony on such a point, as being incompetent to oppose the internal indications of taste, talent, and style, is in itself unphilosophical, and in contradiction to the experience of literary history. There may be such an internal evidence showing that a work could not have been written in a particular age or language. This may be too strong to be shaken by other proof. The evidence of differing taste, talent, or style, is quite another matter. On the ground taken by Mr. Hallam, Walter Scott's last novel, showing no want of learning and of labor, would be ejected from his works on account of its fatal inferiority to all his other prose and verse, had his biographers chosen, from any reasons of delicacy, to veil from us the melancholy cause of its inferiority, in the broken spirits and flagging intellect of its admirable author.

We might enumerate several of Dryden's works which would hardly stand this test of authenticity; but it will be enough to mention his deplorable and detestable tragedy of *Amboyna*, written in the meridian of his faculties, yet as

bloody and revolting as *Andronicus*, and far more gross, and this without any redeeming touch of genius or feeling.

More especially is this rule to be sparingly applied to the juvenile efforts of men of genius. We know from a sneer of Ben Jonson's at the critics who "will swear that *Jeronymo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet," that these plays had been popular for twenty-five or thirty years in 1614, which throws the authorship of *Andronicus* back to the time when Shakespeare was scarcely more than one-and-twenty, if he was not still a minor. We have had in our own times the "*Hours of Idleness*, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor," published in the noble poet's twentieth year. Lord Byron's education and precocious acquaintance with the world had given him far greater advantages for early literary exploit than Shakespeare could have possibly enjoyed; yet it is no exaggeration of the merits of *Andronicus* to say that, with all its defects, it approximates more to its author's after excellence than the commonplace mediocrity of Byron's juvenile efforts to any of the works by which his subsequent fame was won. Swift's poor *Pindaric Odes*, written after he had attained manhood, might be denied to be his, for the same or similar reasons, as differing in every respect, of degree and kind, from the talent and taste he afterwards exhibited—as too extravagant and absurd to have been written by the author of the transparent prose, strong sense, and sarcastic wit of *Gulliver*; and equally incompatible with the mind of the inventor of that agreeable variety of English verse, in its lightest, easiest, simplest dress,

"which he was born to introduce;
Refined it first, and showed its use."

Critics have vied with one another in loading this play with epithets of contempt; and indeed, as compared with the higher products of dramatic poetry, it has little to recommend it. But in itself, and for its times, it was very far from

giving the indication of an unpoetical or undramatic mind. One proof of this is, that it was long a popular favorite on the stage. It is full of defects, but these are precisely such as a youthful aspirant, in an age of authorship, would be most likely to exhibit—such as the subjection to the taste of the day, good or bad, and the absence of that dramatic truth and reality which some experience of human passion, and observation of life and manners, can alone give the power to produce.

This tragedy of coarse horror was in the fashion and taste of the times, and accordingly stands in the same relation to the other popular dramas of the age that the juvenile attempts of Swift and Byron do to the poetry of their day which had excited their ambition. But it differs from their early writings in this, that while they fall very much below their models, this tragedy is at least equal to the once admired tragedies of Peele and Kyd, and if inferior in degree of power, yet not of an inferior class to the scenes of Marlowe and Green, the models of dramatic art and genius of their times. Theatrical audiences had not yet been taught to be thrilled “with grateful terror” without the presence of physical suffering; and the author of *Andronicus* made them, in Macbeth’s phrase, “sup full with horrors.” He gave them stage effect and interest such as they liked, stately declamation, with some passages of truer feeling, and others of pleasing imagery. It is not in human nature that a boy author should be able to develop and portray the emotions and passions of Lear or of Iago. It was much that he could raise them dimly before “his mind’s eye,” and give some imperfect outline and foreshadowing of them in Aaron and Andronicus. He who could do all this in youth and inexperience, might, when he had found his own strength, do much more. The boy author of *Titus Andronicus* might well have written *Lear* twenty years after.

The little resemblance of diction and versification of this

play to after works may also be ascribed to the same cause. We do not need the experience or the authority of Dryden to prove that the mastery of "the numbers of his mother tongue" is one of those gifts which "nature never gives the young."

The young poet, born in an age and country having a cultivated poetic literature, good or bad, must, until he has formed his own ear by practice, and thus too by practice made his language take the impress and colour of his own mind, echo and repeat the tune of his instructors. This may be observed in Shakespeare's earlier comedies: and to my ear many lines and passages of *Andronicus*,—such as the speech of Tamora in act ii. scene 2, "The birds chant melodies in every bush," etc., etc., and in this same scene the lines in the mouth of the same personage, "A barren detested vale, you see it is," recall the rhythm and taste of much of the poetry of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The matchless freedom of dramatic dialogue and emotion, and of lyrical movement—the grand organ swell of contemplative harmony, were all to be afterwards acquired by repeated trial and continued practice. The versification and melody of *Titus Andronicus* are nearer to those of Shakespeare's two or three earlier comedies than those are to the solemn harmony of Prospero's majestic morality.

Nor can I find in this play any proof of the scholar-like familiarity with Greek and Roman literature that Steevens asserts it to contain, and therefore to be as much above Shakespeare's reach in learning as beneath him in genius. This lauded scholarship does not go beyond such slight schoolboy familiarity with the more popular Latin poets read in schools, and with its mythology, and some hackneyed scraps of quotation such as the poet has often shown elsewhere. The neglect of all accuracy of history, and of its costumes, the confusion of ancient Rome with modern and Christian habits, are more analogous to Shakespeare's own

irregular acquirements than to the manner of a regularly trained scholar. Mr. Hallam has said of the undisputed Roman tragedies, that "it is manifest that in these Roman character and still more Roman manners are not exhibited with the precision of the scholar"—a criticism from which few scholars will dissent as to the manners, though few will agree with it as to "Roman character." But if this be true in any extent of the historical dramas composed in the fulness of the poet's knowledge and talent, we shall find the same sort of defects in *Titus Andronicus*, and carried to a greater excess. The story is put together without any historical basis, or any congruity with any period of Roman history. The Tribune of the people is represented as an efficient popular magistrate, while there is an elective yet despotic emperor. The personages are Pagans, appealing to "Apollo, Pallas, Juno, or Mercury," while at the beginning of the play we find a wedding according to the Catholic ritual, with "priest and holy water," and tapers "burning bright;" and at the end an allusion to a Christian funeral, with "burial and mournful weeds and mournful bell;" to say nothing of Aaron's sneer at "Popish ceremonies," or of the "ruined monastery" in the plain near Rome.

For all these reasons, I am so far from rejecting this play as spurious, that I regard it as a valuable and curious evidence of the history of its author's intellectual progress. . . .





THE TIBER.

TITUS
ANDRONICUS



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS, } sons to Titus.
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, }

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the Tribune.

SEMPRONIUS, } kinsmen to Titus.
CAIUS,
VALENTINE, }

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS, } sons to Tamora.
CHIRON, }

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.

Goths and Romans.

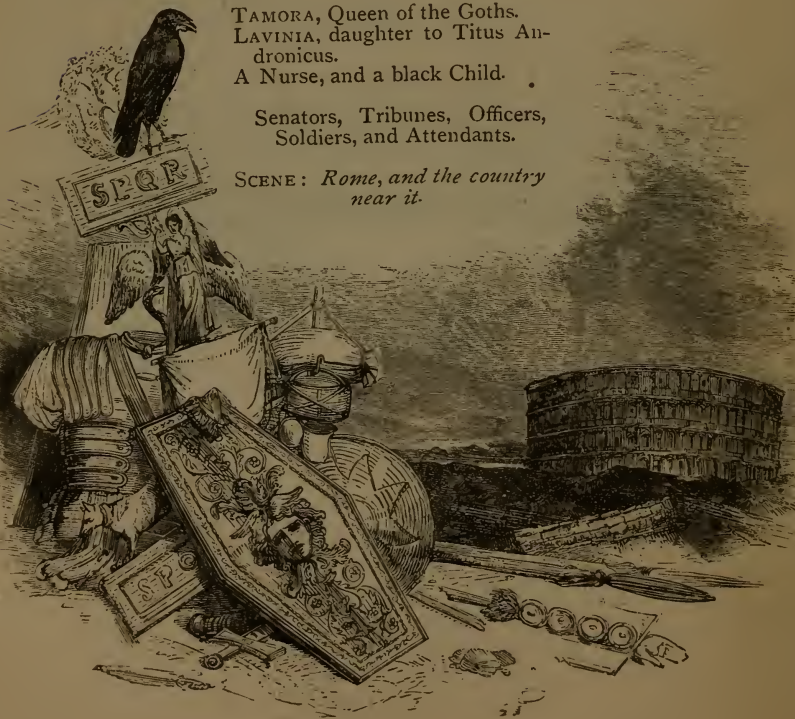
TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome, and the country
near it.*





ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS and his Followers; and, from the other side, BASSIANUS and his Followers; with drum and colours.

Saturninus. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms,
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;

Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bassianus. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my
right,

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, 10
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the Crown.

Marcus. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand 20
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms. 30
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride; five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.

Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 That you withdraw you and abate your strength ;
 Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Saturninus. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bassianus. Marcus Andronicus, so do I affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
 And to my fortunes and the people's favour
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*]

Saturninus. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person and the cause.—

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—
 Open the gates, and let me in.

Bassianus. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*]

Enter a Captain.

Captain. Romans, make way ; the good Andronicus,
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,

With honour and with fortune is return'd
 From where he circumscribed with his sword,
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS ; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black ; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS ; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners ; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Titus. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds ! 70
 Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
 Returns with precious lading to the bay
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears,
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
 Thou great defender of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !—
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that King Priam had, 80
 Behold the poor remains, alive and dead !
 These that survive let Rome reward with love ;
 These that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors :
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
 Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?—
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.—

[The tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont, 90
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !—
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Lucius. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones ;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

100

Titus. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tamora. Stay, Roman brethren !—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son ;
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me !
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

110

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood !
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful ;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

120

Titus. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice ;
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius,
with Alarbus.*

Tamora. O cruel, irreligious piety!

130

Chiron. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Demetrius. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal

The selfsame gods that arm'd the queen of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths—

When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen—

140

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their
swords bloody.*

Lucius. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites; Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,

And with loud larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.—

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;

150

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

Lavinia. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long!
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

160

Titus. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes ; re-enter SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS, attended.

Marcus. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

170

Titus. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marcus. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame !
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords ;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons ;
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on helpless Rome.

180

Titus. A better head her glorious body fits
 Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
 What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?—
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country.
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world;
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

190

200

Marcus. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Saturninus. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Titus. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Saturninus.

Romans, do me right!—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor!—

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Lucius. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Titus. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

210

Bassianus. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do till I die:
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
 Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Titus. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
 I ask your voices and your suffrages;
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,

220

And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Titus. Tribunes, I thank you ; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal.
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say ' Long live our emperor !'

Marcus. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say ' Long live our Emperor Saturnine !'

230

[*A long flourish till they come down.*]

Saturninus. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness ;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

240

Titus. It doth, my worthy lord, and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace ;
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

250

Saturninus. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts

Rome shall record ;—and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Titus. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an
emperor ;

To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

260

Saturninus. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

270

Lavinia. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Saturninus. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. — Romans, let us
go.

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.—
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[*Flourish.* *Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*

Bassianus. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing Lavinia.*

Titus. How, sir ! are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bassianus. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marcus. ' Suum cuique ' is our Roman justice ;
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

280

Lucius. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Titus. Traitors, avaunt !—Where is the emperor's guard ?—
Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd !

Saturninus. Surpris'd ! by whom ?

Bassianus. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*]

Mutius. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*]

Titus. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mutius. My lord, you pass not here.

Titus. What, villain boy! 290
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [Stabbing *Mutius.*]

Mutius. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. My lord, you are unjust, and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Lucius. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

Saturninus. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock. 300
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Titus. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Saturninus. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword. 310
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Titus. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Saturninus. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome. 320
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near
And tapers burn so bright and everything
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tamora. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths, 330
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Saturninus. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accom-
pany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered ;
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt all but Titus.*]

Titus. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs? 340

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marcus. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Titus. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Lucius. But let us give him burial, as becomes ;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Titus. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :

350

Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame, none basely slain in brawls ;
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marcus. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quintus. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Martius. }

Titus. And shall ! what villain was it spake that word ?

Quintus. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Titus. What, would you bury him in my despite ?

361

Marcus. No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Titus. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one ;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Martius. He is not with himself ; let us withdraw.

Quintus. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.*]

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quintus. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Titus. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

372

Marcus. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Lucius. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marcus. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
 The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
 That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son
 Did graciously plead for his funerals ;
 Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
 Be barr'd his entrance here.

380

Titus.

Rise, Marcus, rise.

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
 To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome !
 Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Lucius. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
 Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;
 He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

390

Marcus. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
 How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
 Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

Titus. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is ;
 Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
 Is she not then beholding to the man
 That brought her for this high good turn so far ?
 Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON ; from the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

Saturninus. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize ;
 God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride !

400

Bassianus. And you of yours, my lord ! I say no more,
 Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Saturninus. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
 Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bassianus. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
 My true-betrothed love and now my wife ?

But let the laws of Rome determine all ;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Saturninus. 'T is good, sir ; you are very short with us.
But if we live we 'll be as sharp with you. 410

Bassianus. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know :

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,

That in the rescue of Lavinia

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave. 420

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Titus. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :

'T is thou and those that have dishonour'd me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

Tamora. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all, 430

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Saturninus. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tamora. Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you !

But on mine honour dare I undertake

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose, 440

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

[*Aside to Saturninus*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last ;
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.
 You are but newly planted in your throne ;
 Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
 And so supplant you for ingratitude,
 Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
 I'll find a day to massacre them all 450
 And raze their faction and their family,
 The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
 And make them know what 't is to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
 Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Saturninus. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

Titus. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord ; 460
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
 For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.— 470
 And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia ;—
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Lucius. We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness,
 That what we did was mildly as we might,
 Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Marcus. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Saturninus. Away; and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends :
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ; 480
I will not be denied : sweet heart, look back.

Saturninus. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults ;
Stand up.—

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.— 490
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Titus. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace bonjour.

Saturninus. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*





ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills,
So Tamora ;
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made empress.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
 This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwrack and his commonweal's.—
 Holloa! what storm is this?

20

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Demetrius. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chiron. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.

30

'T is not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:
 I am as able and as fit as thou
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aaron. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep
 the peace.

Demetrius. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
 Till you know better how to handle it.

40

Chiron. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Demetrius. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aaron. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

50

Demetrius. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chiron. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!

Aaron. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?

60

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

70

Chiron. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Demetrius. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice;
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aaron. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chiron. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love. 80

Aaron. To achieve her! how?

Demetrius. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know;
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aaron. [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. 90

Demetrius. Then why should he despair that knows to
court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aaron. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chiron. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Demetrius. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aaron. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then, 100
That both should speed?

Chiron. Faith, not me.

Demetrius. Nor me, so I were one.

Aaron. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:

'T is policy and stratagem must do
That you affect ; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
'Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment 110
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany.
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words ;
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit 120
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to 'square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears.
'The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns ;
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye, 130
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chiron. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Demetrius. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, etc., MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Titus. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green ;
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully ;
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

10

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
Madam, to you as many and as good.—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Saturninus. And you have rung it lustily, my lord ;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bassianus. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lavinia. I say, no ;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Saturninus. Come on, then ; horse and chariots let us have,

And to our sport.—[*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marcus. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

20

Titus. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Demetrius. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A lonely Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aaron. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest [Hides the gold.
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tamora. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad, 10
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise; 20
And, after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,

Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
 Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aaron. Madam, though Venus govern your desires, 30
 Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
 Even as an adder when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
 Now question me no more, we are espied ;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 50

Tamora. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
 life !

Aaron. No more, great empress ; Bassianus comes :
 Be cross with him, and I 'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bassianus. Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress,
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?
 Or is it Dian, habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tamora. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lavinia. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

Bassianus. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lavinia. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love:
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bassianus. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lavinia. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.—
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

Tamora. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Demetrius. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tamora. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 These two have tic'd me hither to this place :
 A barren detested vale, you see it is ;
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
 Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven :
 And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, 100
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries
 As any mortal body hearing it
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death ;
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 110
 That ever ear did hear to such effect ;
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Demetrius. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chiron. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lavinia. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora,
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tamora. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong. 121

Demetrius. Stay, madam ; here is more belongs to her ;
 First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness ;
And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chiron. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

130

Tamora. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive ye, both to sting.

Chiron. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lavinia. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tamora. I will not hear her speak ; away with her !

Lavinia. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Demetrius. Listen, fair madam ; let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

140

Lavinia. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?
O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee ;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble ;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike :

[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chiron. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a
bastard ?

Lavinia. 'T is true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark.
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now !—

150

The lion mov'd with pity did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away ;
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tamora. I know not what it means ; away with her !

Lavinia. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

Tamora. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lavinia. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long; 170
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tamora. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

Lavinia. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murtherer.

Tamora. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

Demetrius. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lavinia. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chiron. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her
husband;
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit: then
exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*]

Tamora. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.

190
[Exit.

Re-enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aaron. Come on, my lords, the better foot before ;
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quintus. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Martius. And mine, I promise you ; were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[Falls into the pit.

Quintus. What, art thou fallen ?—What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—

200

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Martius. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament !

Aaron. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. [Exit.

Martius. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

210

Quintus. I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints ;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Martius. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quintus. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

220

Martius. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quintus. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?

Martius. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit ;
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

230

Quintus. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

240

Martius. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quintus. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me ; I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS with AARON.

Saturninus. Along with me ; I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Martius. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

250

Saturninus. My brother dead ! I know thou dost but jest.
He and his lady both are at the lodge

Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
 'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Martius. We know not where you left him all alive ;
 But, out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Re-enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS,
 and LUCIUS.*

Tamora. Where is my lord the king ?

Saturninus. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tamora. Where is thy brother Bassianus ? 261

Saturninus. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
 wound ;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
 The complot of this timeless tragedy,
 And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
 In pleasing smiles such murtherous tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturnine a letter.*]

Saturninus. [Reads] '*An if we miss to meet him hand-
 somely—*

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ; 270

Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.'—

O Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aaron. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. 280

Saturninus. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of
 bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison :
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tamora. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Titus. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

290

Saturninus. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter?—*Tamora*, was it you?

Tamora. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Titus. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Saturninus. Thou shalt not bail them; see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers: 300
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tamora. Andronicus, I will entreat the king.
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Titus. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her
hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Demetrius. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chiron. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Demetrius. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chiron. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Demetrius. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chiron. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.

Demetrius. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Marcus. Who is this ? my niece, that flies away so fast !—
Cousin, a word ; where is your husband ?—

12

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungente hands

Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

20

As have thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,

30

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say 't is so ?

O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him, to ease my mind !

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind :
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
 A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life !
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery !

40

50

[*Exeunt.*



ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter Judges, Senators, and Tribunes, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution ; TITUS going before, pleading.

Titus. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent •
In dangerous wars whilst you securely slept,
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd,
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.

For two and twenty sons I never wept,

10

Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Lieth down; the Judges, etc., pass by him, and Exeunt.]

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.—

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,

Than youthful April shall with all his showers :

In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still ;

In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,

20

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,

So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.—

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes ! O gentle, aged men !

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;

And let me say, that never wept before,

My tears are now prevailing orators.

Lucius. O noble father, you lament in vain :

The tribunes hear you not ; no man is by,

And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Titus. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—

30

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Lucius. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Titus. Why, 't is no matter, man : if they did hear,

They would not mark me, or if they did mark,

They would not pity me ; yet plead I must,

And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;

Who, though they cannot answer my distress,

Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale :

40

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears and seem to weep with me ;
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones ;
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.—

[*Rises.*

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death ;
 For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

50

Titus. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
 Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
 But me and mine ; how happy art thou, then,
 From these devourers to be banished !
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marcus. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep,
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

60

Titus. Will it consume me ? let me see it, then.

Marcus. This was thy daughter.

Titus.

Why, Marcus, so she is.

Lucius. Ay me, this object kills me !

Titus. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
 Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?
 What fool hath added water to the sea,
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—

70

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
 And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life ;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use :
 Now all the service I require of them
 Is that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
 For hands, to do Rome service, is but vain.

80

Lucius. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Marcus. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

Lucius. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Marcus. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
 That hath received some unrecuring wound.

90

Titus. It was my deer, and he that wounded her
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead ;
 For now I stand as one upon a rock
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes :
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

100

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have maddened me ; what shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so ?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,

Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee ;
'Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
'Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus !—ah, son Lucius, look on her !
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

110

Marcus. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her
husband ;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Titus. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

120

130

Lucius. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marcus. Patience, dear niece. — Good Titus, dry thine
eyes.

Titus. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

140

Lucius. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Titus. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs;
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king; he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

150

Titus. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise!
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand.

160

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marcus. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert!
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve

170

To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aaron. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marcus. My hand shall go.

Lucius. By heaven, it shall not go !

Titus. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Lucius. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, 185
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marcus. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Titus. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Lucius. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

Marcus. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Titus. Come hither, Aaron ; I 'll deceive them both :
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aaron. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so ; 190
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Re enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Titus. Now stay your strife ; what shall be is dispatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;
More hath it merited,—that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. 200

Aaron. I go, Andronicus ; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.—

[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*

Titus. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!—[*To Lavinia*] What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marcus. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Titus. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marcus. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow?
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Messenger. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
 And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
 Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd ;
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes
 More than remembrance of my father's death.

240

[*Exit.*

Marcus. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
 These miseries are more than may be borne.
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal ;
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Lucius. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

250

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

Marcus. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Titus. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marcus. Now, farewell, flattery ! die, Andronicus !
 Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads,
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here ;
 Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs :
 Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes :
 Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

260

Titus. Ha, ha, ha !

Marcus. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this hour.

Titus. Why, I have not another tear to shed ;
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watery eyes,

And make them blind with tributary tears :
 Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave ?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me I shall never come to bliss
 Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.
 You heavy people, circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
 And in this hand the other will I bear.—
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things ;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.—
 As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

270

280

[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*

Lucius. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
 The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !—
 Farewell, proud Rome ! till Lucius come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.—
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister !
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !
 But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.

290

300

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a Boy.*

Titus. So, so ; now sit : and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.—
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

10

[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

20

Marcus. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Titus. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote already ?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ?
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable ?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,

30

As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—
Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink !—Hark, Marcus, what she says ;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments ;
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marcus. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Titus. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears, 50
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marcus. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

Titus. Out on thee, murtherer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny.
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother : get thee gone ;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marcus. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Titus. But how, if that fly had a father and mother? 60
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air !
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry ! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marcus. Pardon me, sir ; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Titus. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
Flattering myself as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah !

Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marcus. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances. 80

Titus. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me ;
I 'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*





ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Titus's Garden.*

Enter young LUCIUS, and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her, with books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS.

Young Lucius. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me every where, I know not why.—

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marcus. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Titus. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Young Lucius. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marcus. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs.

Titus. Fear her not, Lucius ; somewhat doth she mean.
 See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee : 10
 Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
 Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
 Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
 Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marcus. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee
 thus ?

Young Lucius. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
 Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :
 For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
 Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;
 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20
 Ran mad for sorrow : that made me to fear ;
 Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,—
 Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt ;
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marcus. Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which
 Lucius has let fall.*]

Titus. How now, Lavinia !—Marcus, what means this ? 30
 Some book there is that she desires to see.—
 Which is it, girl, of these ?—Open them, boy.—
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Marcus. I think she means that there was more than one
 Confederate in the fact ; ay, more there was,
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge. 40

Titus. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Young Lucius. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;
My mother gave it me.

Marcus. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft ! see how busily she turns the leaves !

[*Helping her.*

What would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marcus. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes the leaves.

Titus. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl, 51
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?—
See, see !

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there !—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marcus. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies ? 60

Titus. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed ;
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Marcus. Sit down, sweet niece ;—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—
My lord, look here ;—look here, Lavinia :
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name 70
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with
feet and mouth.*

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—
 Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
 What God will have discover'd for revenge.
 Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with
 her stumps, and writes.]*

Titus. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?

'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

Marcus. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
 Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 80

Titus. Magne dominator poli,
 Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marcus. O, calm thee, gentle lord, although I know
 There is enough written upon this earth
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts
 And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
 My lord, kneel down with me;—Lavinia, kneel;—
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
 And swear with me—as, with the woful fere
 And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame, 90
 Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape—
 That we will prosecute by good advice
 Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Titus. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how.
 But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware;
 The dam will wake, and, if she wind you once,
 She's with the lion deeply still in league,
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
 And when he sleeps will she do what she list. 100
 You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by: the angry northern wind

Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson, then?—Boy, what say you?

Young Lucius. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marcus. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft 110
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Lucius. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Titus. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Young Lucius. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire.

Titus. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.—
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house: 120
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir, and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.*]

Marcus. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?—
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge.—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON; from the other side, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chiron. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Young Lucius. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus.—

[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Demetrius. Gramercy, lovely Lucius; what's the news?

Young Lucius. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd,
that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me

10

The goodliest weapons of his armoury

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:

And so I leave you both,—[*Aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt young Lucius and Attendant.*]

Demetrius. What's here? A scroll, and written round
about?

Let's see:

[*Reads*] '*Integer vite, scelerisque purus,*

20

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

Chiron. O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aaron. Ay, just, a verse in Horace; right, you have it.—

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well afoot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit;

30

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Demetrius. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aaron. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 40

Demetrius. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chiron. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aaron. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chiron. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Demetrius. Come, let us go and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aaron. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given
us over. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Demetrius. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chiron. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son. 50

Demetrius. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her arms.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords;

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aaron. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aaron. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!— 60
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

Aaron. To whom?

Nurse. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aaron. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he
sent her?

Nurse. A devil.

Aaron. Why, then she is the dévil's dam ; a joyful issue !

Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime ;
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

70

Aaron. Zounds, ye whore ! is black so base a hue ?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Demetrius. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aaron. That which thou canst not undo.

Chiron. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aaron. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Demetrius. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chiron. It shall not live.

80

Aaron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aaron. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Demetrius. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.—

Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*]

Stay, murtherous villains ! will you kill your brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

90

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir !

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !

Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue ;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

100

Demetrius. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aaron. My mistress is my mistress ; this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth :
This before all the world do I prefer ;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

110

Demetrius. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nurse. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chiron. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aaron. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears ;
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart !
Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, ' Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light.
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

120

Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Demetrius. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

130

Aaron. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety. [*They sit.*

Demetrius. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aaron. Why, so, brave lords ! when we join in league,
I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child !

140

Nurse. Cornelia the midwife and myself ;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aaron. The empress, the midwife, and yourself ;
Two may keep counsel when the third's away.
Go to the empress, tell her this I said. [*He kills the Nurse.*
Weke, weke ! so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Demetrius. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? wherefore didst
thou this ?

Aaron. O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip ? no, lords, no ;
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold.
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords ; ye see I have given her physick,

150

160

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Demetrius. For this care of Tamora, 170
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

*[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron bearing off the
 Nurse's body.]*

Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence,
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts ;
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feast on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 179
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. *[Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them ;*
with him, MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS,
 CAIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Titus. Come, Marcus, come ;—kinsmen, this is the way.—
 Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;
 Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.—
 Terras Astræa reliquit ;
 Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.—
 Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;
 Happily you may catch her in the sea ;
 Yet there 's as little justice as at land.—
 No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ; 180
 'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition ;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome ! Well, well ; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd ;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

20

Marcus. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Publius. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

30

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Titus. Publius, how now ! how now, my masters !
What, have you met with her ?

Publius. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall :
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

40

Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size,

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear ;
And, sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.—
Come, to this gear.—You are a good archer, Marcus ;
[*He gives them the arrows.*

'*Ad Fovem*,' that's for you: here, '*Ad Apollinem*.'

'*Ad Martem*,' that's for myself.—

Here, boy, to Pallas ; here, to Mercury ;

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine ;

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy!—Marcus, loose when I bid.—

Of my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marcus. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court ;

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Titus. Now, masters, draw.—[*They shoot.*] O, well said,
Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

Marcus. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Titus. Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of 'Taurus' horns.

Marcus. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock 71
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court ;
And who should find them but the empress' villain ?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Titus. Why, there it goes! God give his lordship joy!—

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.—

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

79

Clown. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Titus. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Titus. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Titus. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

88

Clown. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there; God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marcus. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Titus. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

100

Titus. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado, *

But give your pigeons to the emperor;

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.—

Give me pen and ink.—Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Titus. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

112

Titus. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir; I will.

Titus. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, and others; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot.

Saturninus. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever
seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and, for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages ;
 But he and his shall know that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,
 He 'll so awake as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tamora. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 30
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart ;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts.—[*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all.—
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out ; if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow ! wouldst thou speak with us ?

Clown. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial. 40

Tamora. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'T is he.—God and Saint Stephen give you god-
 den ; I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons
 here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*]

Saturninus. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have ?

Tamora. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clown. Hanged ! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a
 neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Saturninus. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs ! 50
 Shall I endure this monstrous villany ?
 I know from whence this same device proceeds.
 May this be borne ?—as if his traitorous sons,
 That died by law for murther of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!—
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
 Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.—
 For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man,
 Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.—

60

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmilius. Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had more
 cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus,
 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Saturninus. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
 These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
 'T is he the common people love so much;
 Myself hath often overheard them say,
 When I have walked like a private man,
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

70

Tamora. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Saturninus. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
 And will revolt from me to succour him.

80

Tamora. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
 Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
 He can at pleasure stint their melody;

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit ; for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
 Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

Saturninus. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tamora. If Tamora entreat him, then he will :
 For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises ; that, were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
 [*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador ;
 Say that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Saturninus. Æmilius, do this message honourably ;
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmilius. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*]

Tamora. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
 And temper him with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.—
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Saturninus. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS with an army of Goths, with drum and colours.

Lucius. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs ;

And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort, 10
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us ; we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Lucius. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his Child in his arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd 20
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
' Peace, tawny slave ; half me and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor ; 30
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace !'—even thus he rates the babe,—
' For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Lucius. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand ;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?—
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Lucius. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*]

Aaron. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

Lucius. Say on; and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aaron. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd;
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Lucius. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Lucius. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aaron. What if I do not?—as, indeed, I do not ;
 Yet, for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
 Therefore I urge thy oath ; for that I know
 An idiot holds his bauble for a god
 And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
 To that I 'll urge him : therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
 To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up,
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

80

Lucius. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Lucius. O most insatiate and luxurious woman !

Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

90

'T was her two sons that murther'd Bassianus ;
 They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her
 And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Lucius. O detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aaron. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and
 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Lucius. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aaron. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them ;
 That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set ;
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head.
 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay ;
 I wrote the letter that thy father found

100

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons ;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? 110
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter ;
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads,
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. 120

1 *Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aaron. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Lucius. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aaron. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself, 130
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks,
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrow almost was forgot ;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things 140

As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Lucius. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

150

Lucius. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

3 *Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Lucius. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?

Æmilius. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

160

1 *Goth.* What says our general?

Lucius. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rome. Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tamora. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revènge, sent from below

To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.—
 Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
 To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
 Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
 And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
 Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
 That so my sad decrees may fly away,
 And all my study be to no effect?
 You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do
 See here in bloody lines I have set down,
 And what is written shall be executed.

10

Tamora. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Titus. No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,
 Wanting a hand to give it action?
 Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tamora. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with
 me.

20

Titus. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
 Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
 Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
 Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
 Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
 For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
 Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tamora. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
 I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
 Confer with me of murder and of death:
 There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

30

No vast obscurity or misty vale,
 Where bloody murther or detested rape
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

40

Titus. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tamora. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Titus. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
 Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murther stands ;
 Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;
 And then I 'll come and be thy wagoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globe.
 Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
 And find out murtherers in their guilty caves ;
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
 Until his very downfall in the sea ;
 And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.

50

Tamora. These are my ministers, and come with me.

60

Titus. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tamora. Rapine and Murther ; therefore called so,
 'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Titus. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are !
 And you, the empress ! but we worldly men
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee ;
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit above.]

Tamora. This closing with him fits his lunacy.

70

Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

80

Enter TITUS, below.

Titus. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee;
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house.—
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

90

Tamora. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Demetrius. Show me a murtherer, I'll deal with him.

Chiron. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tamora. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Titus. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murther, stab him; he's a murtherer.—
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.—

100

Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
 Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee.
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tamora. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do. 110
 But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,
 The emperor himself and all thy foes ;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 What says Andronicus to this device? 120

Titus. Marcus, my brother! 't is sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are ;
 Tell him the emperor and the empress too
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

Marcus. This will I do, and soon return again. 130 [Exit.

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Titus. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murther stay with me ;
 Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tamora. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys? will you bide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor

How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,

140

And tarry with him till I turn again.

Titus. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices,—

A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam!

Demetrius. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tamora. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Titus. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

[*Exit Tamora.*]

Chiron. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Titus. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

150

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Publius. What is your will?

Titus. Know you these two?

Publius. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Titus. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;

The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.—

Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

160

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit.*]

[*Publius, etc., lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*]

Chiron. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, *with* LAVINIA ; *he bearing a knife, and she a basin.*

Titus. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound.—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

170

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest ;

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say, if I should let you speak ?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

180

Hark, wretches ! how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad ;

Hark, villains ! I will grind your bones to dust
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin I will rear

And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.

190

This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.

And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their throats.*

Receive the blood : and when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.—
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 So, now bring them in, for I 'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

SCENE III. *Court of Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, *with* AARON *prisoner.*

Lucius. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Lucius. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
 For testimony of her foul proceedings :
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong ;
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.

10

Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

Lucius. Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave !—
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*]
 The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* ÆMILIUS, Tribunes,
 Senators, *and others.*

Saturninus. What, hath the firmament moe suns than one ?

Lucius. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marcus. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle ;
These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome ;
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Saturninus. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*]

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a Cook*, LAVINIA *veiled*, young LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

Titus. Welcome, my gracious lord ;—welcome, dread queen ;—

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ;—welcome, Lucius ;—
And welcome, all : although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

Saturninus. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ? 30

Titus. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tamora. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Titus. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—
My lord the emperor, resolve me this :

Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd ?

Saturninus. It was, Andronicus.

Titus. Your reason, mighty lord ? 40

Saturninus. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ; [*Kills Lavinia.*]
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

Saturninus. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Titus. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was, 50
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; and it now is done.

Saturninus. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Titus. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?

Tamora. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Titus. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

Saturninus. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Titus. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; 60
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills Tamora.*

Saturninus. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills Titus.*

Lucius. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus,*
and others go up into the balcony.

Marcus. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again 70
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our an-
cestor, 80

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy ;
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory, 90
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale ;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Lucius. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;
And they it were that ravished our sister :
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded, 100
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
And sent her enemies unto the grave ;
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood, 110

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just and full of truth.
 But, soft ! methinks I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me ;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marcus. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child !

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered,
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?
 Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house :
 Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmilius. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—
 Lucius, our emperor ; for well I know,
 The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Marcus. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor !—
 Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.— [To Attendants.
Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor!

Lucius. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe.
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task!
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

150

[Kisses Titus.

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marcus. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Lucius. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

161

170

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping!
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with AARON.

Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes!

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Lucius. Set him breast deep in earth, and famish him ;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food. 180
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies ; this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aaron. Ah ! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done ;
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did, ,
I do repent it from my very soul. 190

Lucius. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 200
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor ;
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning ;
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt.*





ROMAN HIGHWAY ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



INTRODUCTION.

The following is the ballad referred to on p. 16 above :

TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT.

"You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres ;
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

For when Rome's foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent ;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did return to Rome againe;
Of five and twenty sonnes I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife;
The Moore, with her two sonnes, did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The Moore so pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye
For to abuse her husband's marriage-bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the Moore of bloody minde
Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and grieve began then to increase:
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright
Which joy'd and pleased best my aged sight.

My deare Lavinia was betrothed then
To Cæsar's sonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting, by the emperour's wife
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He, being slain, was cast in cruel wise
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruel Moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed
For to accuse them of the murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empresse's two sonnes of savage kind
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweet a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turn to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes and bloudlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake ;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:—
'The lustfull sonnes of the proud empresse
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse.'

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre wherein I first was bred ;
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt had first been stroken lame.

The Moore, delighting still in villainy
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart.
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootless hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe :
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they),
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines* a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran :
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet, served in stately wise,
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat ;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd."

* *Veines*—humours.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—In the folio the play is divided into acts, the first of which is headed "*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*" In the quartos there is no division into acts or scenes.

4. *My successive title.* "My title to the succession" (Malone). Steevens quotes Raleigh: "The empire being elective, and not successive," etc.

5. *I am his.* The reading of the quartos; the folio has "I was the." The 4th folio reads: "I was the first-born son of him that last Wore," etc., which Pope adopts, changing "was" to "am." The Coll. MS. has "I am the first-born son of him, the last That wore," etc. For *wore* the quartos have "ware."

8. *Age.* "Seniority in point of age" (Boswell).

9. *Romans.* "As a matter of orthoepy, it is perhaps worthy of notice that throughout this play, and generally in English books printed before the middle of the 17th century, this word is spelled *Romaines* or *Romanes*. *Romaine* could hardly have been pronounced *roman*" (W.).

14. *Consecrate.* Cf. ii. i. 121 below. See also *Sonn.* 74. 6, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 134, etc.

15. *Contenance.* The Coll. MS. has "conscience"—a plausible emendation.

18. *Enter . . . aloft.* That is, in the balcony at the back of the Elizabethan stage, raised some eight or nine feet above the floor, with curtains in front of it, which could be drawn when necessary. This balcony served as window, gallery, upper chamber, tower or battlements of a castle, or any other place—even heaven itself—supposed to be above the level of the stage proper. It will be remembered that there was no movable painted scenery in those days.

19. *Empery.* Empire, imperial power; as in 201 below. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 226: "Ruling in large and ample empery," etc.

23. *Andronicus.* Throughout the play the accent is on the antepenult, not on the penult, where it properly belongs.

26. *The city.* Rowe reads "our city."

27. *Accited.* Summoned; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 141:

"Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state."

47. *Affy.* Confide. In *T. of S.* iv. 4. 49 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 80 (the only other instances in S.) it is = betroth.

51. *My thoughts.* Rowe has "our thoughts."

59. *The cause.* The Coll. MS. reads "my cause."

62. *Open the gates,* etc. Capell fills out the line by "brazen gates," and the Coll. MS. by inserting "tribunes" after *gates*.

64. *Romans, make way.* Pope, Capell, and some others begin a new scene here.

68. *Where.* The quarto reading; "whence" in the folios.

70. *Thy mourning weeds.* Warb. changes *thy* to "my." Johnson says: "*Thy* is as well as *my*. We may suppose the Romans in a grate-

ful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits." For *weeds*=garments, cf. *M. N. D.* p. 149. See also ii. i. 18, iii. i. 43, and v. 3. 196 below.

71. *Fraught*. Freight. Cf. *T. N.* v. i. 64: "the Phoenix and her fraught;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 449: "Swell, bosom, with thy fraught." We find *fraughtage* in the same sense in *C. of E.* iv. i. 87 and *T. and C.* prol. 13. For the verb *fraught*, see *Temp.* i. 2. 13, *Cymb.* i. i. 126, etc. S. does not use *freight* either as noun or as verb.

Her is the reading of the 4th folio; the other early eds. have "his."

73. *Anchorage*. Here = anchor. The word occurs nowhere else in S.*

74. *Bound*. Rowe omits the word.

77. *Thou, great defender*, etc. "Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred" (Johnson).

88. *Styx*. The infernal river is mentioned in *T. and C.* v. 4. 20 (cf. iii. 2. 10), and alluded to in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 45:

"Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night."

92. *Receptacle*. Accented on the first syllable; as in ii. 3. 235 below. See also *R. and J.* iv. 3. 39 and *Per.* iv. 6. 186 (the only other instances of the word in S.).

94. *Of mine hast thou*. The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "hast thou of mine."

98. *Ad manes fratrum*. To the departed spirits of the brothers. The quartos and 1st and 2d folios have "manus" for *manes*.

99. *Earthy*. The folios have "earthly."

100. *The shadows*. The Coll. MS. has "their shadows."

101. *Nor we disturb'd*, etc. "It was supposed by the ancients that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral" (Steevens).

106. *Passion*. Passionate grief; as in iii. 2. 48 below. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 118: "passion's solemn tears." See also *Ham.* p. 212. For *son* the folios have "sonnes" or "sons."

117. *Wilt thou draw near*, etc. See p. 15 above. Reed quotes *Edw. III.*, 1596:

"kings approach the nearest unto God
By giving life and safety unto men."

121. *Patient*. The only instance of the verb in S. Steevens quotes *Arden of Feversham*, 1592: "Patient yourself, we cannot help it now;" *Edw. I.*, 1599: "Patient your highness, 't is but mother's love;" and Warner, *Albion's England*, 1602: "Her, weeping ripe, he laughing bids to patient her awhile." See also the old play of *Ferrex and Porrex*: "Patient your grace, perhaps he liveth yet," etc.

122. *Their*. The folios have "the."

127. *Fire*. A dissyllable; as often. Gr. 480.

129. *Clean*. Cf. *J. C. i.* 3. 35: "clean from the purpose," etc.

* In these notes, as a matter of convenience, we count this play as Shakespeare's, though we believe that but little of it is really his.

131. *Scythia*. Cf. *Lear*, i. i. 118: "The barbarous Scythian," etc.

132. *Not*. The folios have "me," and "lookes" or "looks" in 134.

138. *His tent*. The reading of all the early eds. changed to "her tent" by Theo. because, according to the old story, Hecuba decoyed Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other captive Trojan women were kept. Theo. supposed that the author of the play must have been indebted to the *Hecuba* of Euripides for the allusion; but, as Steevens suggests, he may have taken it from "the old story-book of the Trojan War or the old translation of Ovid (*Met.* xiii.)." He adds that the writer "may have been misled by the passage in Ovid, 'vadit ad artificem,' and therefore took it for granted that she found him in *his tent*."

141. *The bloody wrongs*. Rowe changes *the* to "her," and Capell conjectures "these." For *quit* = requite, see *Rich.* II. p. 208.

147. *Larums*. Commonly printed "larums," but not in the early eds. here or elsewhere. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 173.

151. *Repose you here*. The early eds. add "in rest," which was probably an accidental insertion of the copyist or compositor. Pope was the first to strike it out.

154. *Grudges*. The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "drugges" (which may be right), and the 2d "grudgges."

164. *Fortunes*. The folios have "fortune."

165. *Reserv'd*. Changed by Hammer to "preserv'd;" but *reserve* is sometimes = preserve. Cf. *Sonn.* p. 140.

168. *And fame's eternal date*. Warb. changed *And* to "In," in order to "make sense of this absurd wish." Johnson says: "To *outlive an eternal date* is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame."

170. *Triumph*. For the accent, cf. *T. of A.* p. 169.

177. *Solon's happiness*. Alluding, as Malone notes, to his saying that no man can be pronounced happy before his death. Cf. Ovid:

"ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."

182. *Palliam*. Robe (from Latin *pallium*); the only instance of the word in S. It may have been coined by the author, as Nares suggests.

185. *Candidatus*. An affected allusion to the origin of the word *candidate*.

189. *What*. Why; as often. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 160 (note on 53), or Gr. 253.

190. *Chosen*. The sensitive ear of Rowe could not tolerate this, so he changed it to "chose." The Coll. MS. has "acclamations" for *proclamations*, which is here metrically five syllables. This lengthening of a word is rare except at the end of a line. See Gr. 479, and cf. *M. for M.* p. 135 (note on 47).

192. *Abroad*. The 3d and 4th folios have "abroach."

201. *Obtain and ask*. A case of "hysteron-proteron," as it stands; but the extra foot in the line suggests possible corruption. The proposed emendations, however, are not worth noting.

214. *Friends*. The reading of 3d folio; "friend" in the earlier eds.

217. *People's tribunes.* The folios have "noble tribunes."
 219. *Friendly.* Often used adverbially. Cf. iv. 2. 40 below, and see *A. Y. L.* p. 183.
 221. *Gratulate.* Make glad. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. i. 10: "To gratulate the gentle princes there," etc. Rowe gives the speech to *Marcus*.
 223. *Suit.* The quartos and 3d folio have "sute," the 1st and 2d folios "sure."
 226. *Titan's.* The sun's. Cf. ii. 4. 31 below, and see *R. and J.* p. 169.
 235. *Election.* A quadrisyllable. See on 190 above.
 237. *Gentleness.* Kindness.
 238. *For an onset.* For a beginning. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 94: "To give the onset to thy good advice."
 240. *Empress.* A trisyllable; as in 320, ii. 1. 20, ii. 3. 66, iv. 2. 143, etc. below, but not in the other plays. Cf. *Gr.* 477. See also on 348 below.
 242. *Pantheon.* The reading of 4th folio; the quartos and 1st folio have "Pathan," the 2d and 3d folios "Panthæon." In 333 below, all the early eds. except 4th folio have "Panthean."
 250. *Imperious.* The 2d quarto and folios have "imperiall." Cf. *Ham.* p. 264. See also iv. 4. 81 and v. 1. 6 below.
 252. *Thy feet.* The folios have "my feet."
 258. *Are you.* The 1st folio misprints "are your," and "make your" in 269 below.
 264. *Cheer.* Face. See *M. of V.* p. 152.
 269. *Can make,* etc. *Who* can make, etc. *Gr.* 244.
 271. *Sith.* Since. See *Cor.* p. 236 (note on *Sithence*), or *Gr.* 132. Cf. 323 below.

Steevens remarks here: "It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose anew; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora [ii. 3. 66 fol.] is of so coarse a nature that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice."

280. *Cuique.* The reading of 2d folio. The 1st quarto has "cuiquim," and the 2d quarto and 1st folio have "cuiquam."

Cuique is here a trisyllable. "*Cui* and *huic* were in the schools of Shakespeare's time pronounced as dissyllables, . . . and were supposed to be admissible in Latin verse composed after the Augustan models" (Walker).

288. *Safe.* Pope reads "secure;" but *door* may be a dissyllable, like *fire* in 127 above.

291. Here the Camb. ed. has the following stage-direction: "*During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron go out, and re-enter above.*"

301. *By leisure.* In no hurry. Elsewhere we have *at leisure* in this sense; as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 11 and *K. John*, v. 6. 27.

304. *Make a stale.* Make a stale, or laughing-stock, of. Cf. 3 *Hen.*

VI. iii. 2. 260: "Had he none else to make a stale but me?" See also *C. of E.* p. 117. The quartos and 1st folio read "Was none in Rome to make a stale;" the later folios, "Was there none els in Rome to make a stale of." Walker conjectures "What, was there none in Rome to make a stale," etc.

309. *Piece*. Used in contempt; as (with a sort of quibble) in *T. and C.* iv. 1. 62. See our ed. p. 196. Steevens quotes Browne, *Brit. Pastorals*: "her husband, weaken'd piece," etc.

313. *Ruffle*. "To be noisy, disorderly, turbulent. A *ruffler* was a boisterous swaggerer" (Malone). Cf. *Mirroure for Magistrates*:

"To Britaine over seas from Rome went I,
To quaille the Picts, that ruffled in that ile."

See also *Lear*, p. 214.

316. *Phæbe*. The quartos and 1st folio have "Thebe." For *Phæbe* as applied to Diana, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 39 and *M. N. D.* i. 1. 209.

320. *Empress*. See on 240 above. Here the 2d quarto prints "Emperesse," and the 3d and 4th folios "Emperess."

325. *Stand*. Changed by Pope to "stands."

333. *Pantheon*. See on 242 above. Walker conjectures "the Pantheon," which would be in keeping with the pronunciation in 242.

338. *Bid*. "Invited" (Malone). Cf. v. 2. 193 below.

340. *Challenged*. Accused; as in *Macb.* iii. 4. 42:

"Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance."

348. *Brethren*. A trisyllable. Gr. 477. Cf. *children* in ii. 3. 115 below.

351. *Re-edified*. Restored or rebuilt. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 71:

"He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified."

360. *Vouch it*. The first three folios have "vouch'd it," and Rowe reads "vouch't."

368. *He is not with himself*. "Much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*" (Boswell). The folios omit *with*, and Hanmer reads "well himself."

372. *Speed*. Thrive. Delius conjectures "speak."

379. *Upon advice*. On reflection, or deliberation. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6:

"My lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring," etc.

See also *T. G. of V.* p. 139.

380. *Wise Laertes' son*. Ulysses. Theo. and Steevens see here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no English translation is known so early as the time of S. "In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains." The folios omit *wise*.

381. *Funerals*. Cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 105: "His funerals shall not be in our camp;" and see our ed. p. 183.

391. *Dumps*. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 129: "And doleful dumps the mind

oppress," etc. For *dump* as applied to mournful music, see *Much Ado*, p. 137.

396. *Beholding*. Beholden. See *M. of V.* p. 135.

398. *Yes*, etc. D., W., and H. give this line (which is not in the quartos) to *Marcus*. Malone was the first to suggest this change, which is plausible but not absolutely necessary. It is natural enough that Titus should answer his own question, which is merely a rhetorical interrogation.

399. *Play'd your prize*. "A technical term in the ancient fencing-school" (Steevens). In *M. of V.* iii. 2. 142 ("contending in a prize"), we find *prize*=contest, or competition.

416. *Opinion*. Public opinion, or reputation. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* p. 179.

420. *To be controll'd*. At being checked, or restrained. Cf. iii. 1. 260 below. Gr. 356.

430. *Indifferently*. Impartially. Cf. the adjective in *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 116 and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 17.

433. *Put it up*. Put up with it. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 181: "nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered."

434. *Forfend*. Forbid. Cf. *Oth.* p. 206.

435. *Author to dishonour*. The cause of dishonouring. We find *author* applied even to things in this sense; as in *A. and C.* ii. 6. 138: "that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance," etc.

436. *Undertake*. Answer, vouch. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 163: "I will . . . undertake your ben venuto," etc.

440. *Suppose*. For the noun, cf. *T. of S.* v. 1. 120 and *T. and C.* i. 3. 11.

447. *You*. The 2d quarto and folios have "us."

449. *Entreats*. The noun occurs again in 483 below. It is not found elsewhere in *S.* except in the quarto of *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 225, where the folio has "entreaties."

453. *Sued*. A dissyllable.

462. *Incorporate*. For the form, cf. *V. and A.* 540, *J. C.* i. 3. 135, etc.

476. *Tendering*. Having regard to, or care for. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 32: "Tendering the precious safety of my prince;" and see our ed. p. 151.

485. *Stand up*. Pope (followed by D., W., and H.) omits these words, taking them to be a stage-direction, which is not improbable. In the early eds. they begin line 486. Capell was the first to make them a separate line.

488. *Part*. Depart. See *M. of V.* p. 145.

494. *Bonjour*. Good-morning (Fr.).

495. *Gramercy*. Great thanks (Fr. *grand merci*). Cf. iv. 2. 7 below. See also *M. of V.* ii. 2. 128, *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 108, etc.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—3. *Secure of*. Safe from. On *thunder's crack* cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 203: "the fire and cracks Of sulphurous roaring," etc.

4. *Above*. The 1st folio misprints "about."
7. *Glistening*. S. does not use *glitter*. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 145.
8. *Highest-peering*. Cf. *still-peering* in *A. W.* iii. 2. 113. The early eds. have "highest piercing" (or "piring").
10. *Wil*. The word is often used for "mental faculty, intellectual power of any kind" (Schmidt). Warb. (followed by Hanmer and others) would change it here to "will;" but cf. 120 below. See also iv. 4. 35.
13. *Mount*. H. adopts Walker's conjecture of "soar."
14. *Pitch*. A technical term for the height to which a falcon soars. For the literal use, cf. 1 *Hen.* VI. ii. 4. 11: "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch," etc.; and for the figurative, as here, *Rich.* II. i. 1. '09: "How high a pitch his resolution soars!" etc.
16. *Charming*. "He is adverting, not to the *beauty* of his eyes, but to the quality of *fascination* which the eye was once supposed to possess" (St.). Cf. *Cymb.* p. 169, note on *Two charming words*.
17. *Prometheus*. We have allusions to the story of Prometheus in *L. L.* iv. 3. 304, 351, and *Oth.* v. 2. 12. The Coll. MS. has "was" for *is*.
18. *Weeds*. Garments. Cf. i. 1. 70 above. For *servile* the 2d quarto and folios have "idle."
20. *Empress*. The quartos spell it "emperesse." See on i. 1. 240 and 320 above.
22. *Semiramis*. The Assyrian queen was proverbial for her voluptuousness as well as her cruelty. Cf. ii. 3. 118 below. See also *T. of S.* ind. 2. 41.
24. *Shipwrack*. The only spelling in the early eds. Cf. *Rich.* II. p. 177, on *Wrack*.
26. *Want*. The reading of the 2d folio; "wants" in the earlier eds.
28. *Affected*. Loved. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 124.
29. *Thou dost overween*. Thou art arrogant or presumptuous; as in 2 *Hen.* IV. iv. 1. 149: "Mowbray, you overween to take it so," etc. For the infinitive that follows, see on i. 1. 420 above.
30. *Braves*. Threats, bravado; as in *T. of S.* iii. 1. 15: "I will not bear these braves of thine," etc.
35. *Approve*. Prove; as often. Cf. *Macb.* p. 174.
37. *Clubs, clubs!* "The usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened" (Steevens). Cf. *Hen.* VIII. p. 204.
38. *Unadvise'd*. Inconsiderate, rash. See *K. John*, p. 140. Cf. *well advised* in iv. 2. 10 below, and *advise thee* (=consider, bethink thyself) in iv. 2. 129.
39. *Dancing-rapier*. A sword worn only for ornament. See *A. W.* p. 146, note on 33. Steevens quotes Greene, *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*: "one of them carrying his cutting-sword of choller, the other his dancing-rapier of delight."
48. *Wot*. Know. Cf. iii. 1. 139 and v. 2. 87 below. The participle *wotting* occurs in *W. T.* iii. 2. 77.
49. *Million*. A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 190 and 235 above.
53. *Put up*. That is, "put up your swords" (*R. and J.* i. 1. 72, etc.).
- Not I*, etc. Warb. gave this speech to *Chiron* and the next to *Demetrius*, on the ground that it was the latter who had reproached the former.

55. *Those*. The 2d quarto and folios have "these."

62. *Brabble*. Brawl, quarrel. Cf. *T. N.* p. 162. For *petty*, the first three folios have "pretty."

64. *Jet upon*. To intrude upon, "treat with insolence" (Schmidt). The quartos have "iet," and the folios "set." Malone reads "jut." Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 205, note on *Jut*.

70. *This discord's ground*. There is a play upon the musical sense of *ground* (= "plain-song," or theme), for which see *Rich. III.* p. 218.

76. *Impatient*. A quadrisyllable. See on 49 above.

80. *Achieve*. Win. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 151, on *Achiev'd her mistress*. *Propose* = look forward to, be ready to meet.

82. *She is a woman*, etc. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* v. 3. 77 :

"She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won:"

and *Rich. III.* i. 2. 229 :

"Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?"

85. *More water*, etc. There is a Scotch proverb, "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps;" and another, "It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf." *Shive* = slice. Stevens quotes Warner, *Albion's England*: "A sheeve of bread as brown as nut." Coll. notes that both proverbs are found in *The Cobbler of Canterbury*, 1590: "Thus the Prior and the Smithes wife contented and enjoying their harts desire, the poore Smith loved her not a whit the worse, neither did he suspect anything, for the blind eates many a flie, and much water runnes by the mill that the miller wots not on. . . . By this the Prior perceived, that the scull had cut a shive on his loafe,"

89. *Have worn*. The later folios read "have yet worn." "Vulcanus?" (adopted by H.) and "old Vulcan's" have also been proposed to eke out the measure. Malone made *worn* a dissyllable (Cf. Gr. 485). *Vulcan's badge* is of course the "horns" of the cuckold.

97. *Would you had hit it too!* For the play upon *hit*, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 120, 123-126, *T. and C.* i. 2. 293, and *R. and J.* ii. 1. 33.

100. *Square*. Quarrel; as in 124 below. See *M. N. D.* p. 138.

101. *That both should speed*. Omitted in the folios.

103. *For that you jar*. For that which you are jarring about. Gr. 394.

105. *Affect*. Desire, aspire to.

110. *Than*. The early eds. have "this;" corrected by Rowe.

112. *Solemn*. Formal, arranged for the court. Cf. *A. W.* p. 169.

114. *Spacious*. A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 190 above.

116. *By kind*. "By nature" (Johnson). See *A. W.* p. 141, or *A. Y. L.* p. 190.

120. *Sacred*. It seems to us more in keeping with Aaron's character to consider this ironical than to explain it as a Latinism (=accursed), as Malone, H., and some others do.

121. *Consecrate*. Cf. i. 1. 14 above.

123. *File our engines*, etc. "That is, remove all impediments from our

designs by advice" (Steevens). The allusion is to the use of the file for smoothing the working parts of machinery.

127. *And ears*. The 2d quarto and folios have "of ears."

128. *Dreadful*. The Coll. MS. has "dreadless."

133. *Sit fas aut nefas*. Be it right or wrong; a common Latin phrase. The folios have "sy" or "si" for *sit*.

134. *These*. The 2d quarto and folios have "their."

135. *Per Styga*, etc. I am borne through the Styx, through the regions of the dead. H. says that "these scraps of Latin are taken, with slight changes, from some of Seneca's tragedies;" apparently following Steevens, who says he "believes" so. No one, so far as we are aware, has been able to trace this bit to its source, though it appears to be a quotation.

SCENE II.—I. *Grey*. Some critics (as Delius, Dyce, and H.) will have it that *grey* here, and in sundry other passages, means "blue;" but see *R. and J.* p. 169, note on *Grey-eyed*. Hammer has "gay." Warb. explains *bright and grey* as "bright, and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *grey*, which foretold fair weather;" and Boswell adds the proverbial saying:

"An evening red and a morning grey
Are the signs of a fair coming day."

2. *Green*. The Coll. MS. has "wide," apparently to make a quatrain. It has also "round" and "sound" for *peal* and *noise*; and "and so will I" for *as it is ours*.

3. *Uncouple*. Set loose the hounds. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. i. 112 and *V. and A.* 674. *Bay* is here =barking; the only instance of the *noun* in this sense in *S.*

9. *I have been troubled*, etc. This is like Shakespeare's fondness for presentiments; and the passage is probably his.

17. *Broad*. Omitted in the folios.

18. *Horse*. The contracted plural; as in 23 below. See Gr. 471, and cf. *Macb.* p. 204 (note on *Horses*).

24. *Run*. The quartos and 1st folio have "runnes."

SCENE III.—3. *Inherit*. Possess. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 146.

13. *Rolled*. The Coll. MS. has "coiled," which is of course the meaning. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. i. 228: "Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank." See also *unroll* in 35 below.

15. *Chequer'd*. Steevens quotes Milton, *L'All.* 96: "Dancing in the chequer'd shade."

20. *Yelping*. The quartos have "yellowing," and Pope reads "yelling."

22. *The wandering prince*. That is, Æneas. See Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 165 fol.

23. *Happy*. Lucky, opportune. Cf. iv. 2. 32 below. See also *R. and J.* v. 3. 168: "O happy dagger!" etc.

31. *Dominator*. Ruler; an astrological word, like *predominant* (see *W. T.* p. 157), and *predominance* (see *Macb.* p. 203). Armado uses it affectedly in *L. L. L.* i. i. 222. On *Saturn*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 286: "Sat-

urn and Venus this year in conjunction!" See also *Cymb.* ii. 5. 12. Collins quotes Greene, *Planetomachia*, 1585: "The star of Saturn is especially cooling," etc.

32. *Deadly-standing*. With deadly stare. The hyphen was inserted by Theo. Cf. *deadly-handed* in 2 *Hen.* VI. v. 2. 9.

36. *Execution*. Metrically six syllables. See on i. 1. 190 above. Cf. 50 below.

37. *Venereal*. The only instance of the word in S.

39. *Hammering*. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 18: "Whereon this month I have been hammering," etc.

43. *Philomel*. Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, ravished by Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue that she might not expose him. See the allusions to the story in ii. 4. 43, iv. 1. 47 fol., and v. 2. 195 below. Cf. also *Cymb.* ii. 2. 46 and *R. of L.* 1128 fol.

47. *Fatal-plotted*. First hyphenated by Theo.

49. *Parcel*. Part; as in *Cor.* iv. 5. 231: "a parcel of their feast," etc. The word is sometimes = party (of persons). See *L. L. L.* p. 159.

50. *Dreads*. Pope reads "dread."

55. *Who*. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 30: "For who love I so much?" See Gr. 274.

56. *Her*. The 2d quarto and folios have "our."

62. *Presently*. Instantly. Cf. iv. 2. 166, iv. 4. 45, v. 1. 146, and v. 3. 59 below.

63. *Actæon's*. For other allusions to the Theban prince transformed to a stag by Diana, see *M. W.* ii. 1. 122 and iii. 2. 44. Capell changes *was* to "were."

64. *Drive upon*. Attack, or "rush pell-mell upon" (St.). Coll. (from his MS.) and H. read "dine upon," which W. well characterizes as "specious literalism." The 2d quarto and the folios have "his" for *thy*.

66. *Empress*. See on i. 1. 240 above.

68. *And to be doubted*. And it is to be suspected. Cf. *Ham.* pp. 187, 202.

72. *Swarth*. The folio reading; the quartos have "swartie" and "swarty." Capell reads "swart."

Cimmerian ("Cymerion" in the quartos and 1st folio) is not found elsewhere in S.

75. *Sequester'd*. Accented on the first syllable, like the noun *sequester* in *Oth.* iii. 4. 40. The verb in the only other instances in S. (*A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 33 and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 8) has the modern accent.

77. *Obscure*. Accented on the first syllable, because followed by an accented syllable. See *M. of V.* p. 144.

78. *Accompanied but with*. S. always has *with*, not *by*, with the passive of *accompany*. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 6, 2 *Hen.* IV. iv. 4. 52, *Rich.* III. iii. 5. 59, etc.

80. *Intercepted*. Rowe has "interrupted."

83. *Joy*. Enjoy; but not a contraction of that word. Cf. *Rich.* II. pp. 184, 221.

85. *Note*. The early eds. have "notice;" corrected by Pope.

86. *Noted long*. "He had yet been married but one night" (Johnson).

87. *Abus'd*. Deceived. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100: "the prince and Claudio mightily abused," etc.

88. *Have I*. The reading of 2d folio; "I have" in the earlier eds.

92. *Tic'd*. Enticed. It is commonly printed "'tic'd;" but see Wb.

93. *Barren detested*. Rowe reads "barren and detested," and Capell (followed by H.) "bare, detested."

101. *Urchins*. Hedgehogs. Cf. *Temp.* p. 119.

103. *As*. That. See Gr. 109. For *body*, the Coll. MS. has "barely."

104. *Should straight fall mad*, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 3. 45 fol.

115. *Be ye not*. Capell omits *ye*, and Pope has "be ye not from henceforth." *Children* is a trisyllable; as in *C. of E.* v. 1. 360. Cf. *brethren* in i. 1. 347 above.

118. *Semiramis*. See on ii. 1. 22 above.

124. *Stood upon*. "Plumed herself, or presumed upon; as in Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608: 'This jest made them laugh more, and the rayther that shee stood upon her marriage, and disdained all the gallants there,' etc." (St.).

126. *And with that painted hope*, etc. The reading of the quartos and 1st folio, and probably corrupt ("obelized" in the Globe ed.). The 2d folio inserts "she" before *braves*. Warb. and Theo. change *hope* to "cope." Capell reads "And with that paint now *braves*," and Steevens conjectures "And with that painted, *braves*." The Coll. MS. has "And with that painted shape she *braves* your might." W. conjectures "faint" for *painted*. Johnson explains *painted hope* as "specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid." This is perhaps the best that can be done for the old text, and is at least as satisfactory as any of the proposed emendations.

131. *Ye desire*. The quartos and 1st folio have "we desire."

132. *Outlive ye, both*. The early eds. have "outlive us both," which Theo. (followed by most of the eds.) retains, with a comma after *outlive*; but that pointing makes an awkward break in the verse. The text is the reading of D. (not noted in the Camb. ed.), and is adopted by H.

133. *You*. Omitted by Pope.

136. *Woman's*. The quartos have "womans," the 1st folio "woman."

143. *Learn*. Changed by Pope to "teach;" but *learn* was often used in that sense. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 365: "For learning me your language." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 141.

144. *Suck'dst*. The early eds. have "suckst" or "suck'st." Cf. Gr. 340.

145. *Thy teat*. The Coll. MS. has "her teat."

148. *A bastard*. "Lavinia says nothing about Chiron's father; but his reply would justify the belief that Tamora had played false with a true Milesian. How was he to prove himself a *bastard* by being unlike *his mother*?" (W.)

152. *Paras*. The Coll. MS. has "claws," which H. adopts.

160. *Obdurate*. Accented on the second syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 145.

162. *Even*. A dissyllable. The 2d folio reads "am I now pitiless;" but that throws the emphatic *his* into an unaccented place in the measure.

166. *With her.* Omitted by Hanmer.
172. *Fond.* Foolish; the most common meaning in S. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 146.
173. *Present.* Instant. Cf. *presently* in 62 above.
191. *Spleenful.* "Hot, eager" (Schmidt); as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 128: "Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny," etc. Cf. *spleen* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 68, 448, *Rich. III.* v. 3. 50, etc. For *trull* (=drab, harlot), cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 28, *Cymb.* v. 5. 177, etc.
199. *Rude-growing.* Hyphened by Pope.
207. *Give.* The early eds. read "have;" corrected by Steevens.
211. *Uncouth.* Strange, perplexing. The word is accented on the first syllable here, as in *R. of L.* 1598 and *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 6, the only other instances of it in S. See on 77 above.
212. *Chilling.* Rowe reads "killing."
214. *True-divining.* The hyphen was inserted by Theo.
222. *Embrewed.* Imbrued, soaked in blood.
223. *On a heap.* In a heap. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 101: "When I have laid proud Athens on a heap;" and see our ed. p. 159.
227. *A precious ring,* etc. "There is supposed to be a gem called a *carbuncle*, which emits not reflected but native light" (Johnson). Steevens quotes the *Gesta Romanorum*: "He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle in the hall that lighted all the house;" and Drayton, *Muses' Elysium*:
 "that admired, mighty stone;
 The carbuncle that 's named,
 Which from it such a flaming light
 And radiancy ejecteth,
 That in the very darkest night
 The eye to it directeth."
- The *carbuncle* is mentioned in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 138, *Cor.* i. 4. 55, *Ham.* ii. 2. 485, and *Cymb.* v. 5. 189.
229. *Earthy.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "earthly."
231. *Pyramus.* The lover of Thisbe. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 12, 24, etc.
236. *Cocytus.* The only mention of the infernal river in S. The quartos and 1st folio have "Ocitus," and the 2d and 3d folios "Cocitus."
242. *Nor I.* Pope reads "And I." For the double negative, see Gr. 406.
243. *Loose.* Loose my hold. Rowe reads "lose," and Capell conjectures "loose 't."
255. *Chase.* Hunting-ground; the only instance of this meaning in S.
256. *Hour.* A dissyllable. See on i. 1. 127 and 288 above. For *him* the 1st quarto has "them," as both quartos do in the next line.
258. *Out, alas!* Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 37: "Out, alas! here comes my master;" *Oth.* v. 2. 119: "Out and alas!" etc.
260. *Griev'd.* Walker conjectures "gnaw'd."
265. *The complot.* The plot. Cf. v. 1. 65 and v. 2. 147 below. S. accents the word on either syllable, as suits the measure.
 For *timeless*=untimely, see *R. and J.* p. 217.
274. *Decreed.* Resolved, determined. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 35: "I have decreed not to sing in my cage," etc.

279. *Should have murther'd.* Was to murder. Gr. 324. The early eds. all have "murthered," as also in 300 below.

285. *Torturing.* Spelled "tortering" in the quartos and earlier folios, as it was doubtless pronounced.

291. *Fault.* The early eds. have "faultes" or "faults;" corrected by Theo.

298. *Their.* The Coll. MS. (followed by Coll. and H.) has "this;" and in 301 "their" for *the*.

305. *Fear not.* Fear not for. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 122: "do not fear our person," etc. Gr. 200.

SCENE IV.—2. *Who 't was that cut.* The Coll. MS. has "Who 't was cut out." H. adopts Lettsom's conjecture, "Who 't was that cut it out," etc.

3. *Bewray.* Reveal, show; as in v. 1. 29 below. See *Lear*, p. 199.

5. *Scrowl.* The quartos have "scrowle," and the folios "scowle" or "scowl." *Scrowl* is regarded by Schmidt as "an unintelligible reading;" but it may possibly be equivalent to *scroll*, as some editors make it. Delius reads "scrawl."

6. *Sweet water.* Perfumed water. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 214.

9. *Cuse.* The early eds. have "cause;" corrected by Pope.

12. *Cousin.* Here =niece. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 143: "Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!" See *Ham.* p. 179. Hamner and H. read "husband? Say." Keightley has "a word with you."

13. *If I do dream,* etc. "If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking" (Johnson).

14. *Some planet strike,* etc. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 162: "then no planets strike;" and see our ed. p. 177.

17. *Have lopp'd.* The early eds. all have "Hath" for *Have*, and that reading might perhaps stand. See *R. and J.* p. 140, note on *Doth*. Cf. Gr. 334. Capell changes *hands* to "hand."

21. *Have.* The early eds. have "halfe" or "half;" corrected by Theo.

24. *Rosed.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 323: "a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty."

27. *Detect him.* Expose him. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 143: "To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart," etc. For *him* the early eds. have "them;" corrected by Rowe.

30. *Three.* The early eds. have "theyr" or "their;" corrected by Hamner.

31. *Titan's face.* See on i. 1. 226 above.

34. *Heart.* The reading of 3d folio; "hart" in the earlier eds. Walker conjectures "hurt." *Heart* may be =what is in the *heart*, or mind. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 33: "Tongue far from heart;" *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 14: "what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks," etc.

38. *Philomela, she.* See on ii. 3. 43 above. The 1st quarto has "Philomela, why she;" and the Camb. ed. reads "Philomel, why she."

40. *Mean.* Often =means. See *R. and J.* p. 189.

41. *Cousin, hast thou met.* The 2d quarto omits *cousin*; and the folio, to fill out the measure, reads "met withall." Such little points as this

show that the folio text was printed from the 2d quarto. Cf. p. 10 above.

49. *Which that sweet tongue hath made.* Hanmer (followed by H.) "pads out" the line thus: "Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made;" and the Coll. MS. reads "made in minstrelsy."

50. *Fell.* For the participle, cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 265 and *Lear*, iv. 6. 54. Hanmer "corrects" it to "fall'n."

51. *Cerberus.* The triple-headed dog of the infernal regions, alluded to also in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 593, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 182, and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 37. The reference here is to his being lulled to sleep by the music of Orpheus, *the Thracian poet.* Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 80, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 3, etc.

54. *Hour's.* A dissyllable. Cf. ii. 3. 256 above.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—9. *Are not.* The quartos and 1st folio have "is not;" corrected in 2d folio.

10. *Two and twenty.* Lettsom figures out that this should be "one and twenty," which H. accordingly puts in the text.

12. *For these, these, tribunes.* The quartos and 1st folio omit the second *these*, which the 2d folio supplied. Malone reads "For these, good tribunes," and Coll. conjectures "O tribunes."

13. *Languor and.* The Coll. MS. has "anguish in." *Languor* is not found elsewhere in S. H. reads "cares" for *tears*.

17. *Urns.* The early eds. have "ruines" or "ruins;" corrected by Hanmer.

18. *His.* Rowe has "her."

23. *O gentle.* Rowe omits *O*. The Var. of 1821 has "gentle-aged-men," and some one has suggested "aged gentlemen."

36. *And bootless unto them.* The reading of the 1st quarto. The 2d quarto changes *And* to "All." The 1st folio (followed by the others) gives the passage thus:

"Ti. Why 't is no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pittie me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones."

Capell reads: "All bootless unto them, they would not pity me." D. conjectures "And bootless unto them since I complain." The Camb. ed. prints "And bootless unto them . . .," and the Globe "obelizes" the line as hopelessly corrupt.

40. *For that.* Because that. Cf. *for* in v. 1. 74 below; and see *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *For he is a Christian*.

43. *Weeds.* Garments. Cf. i. 1. 70 and ii. 1. 18 above.

45. *Soft as wax.* The folios have "as soft wax."

50. *Pronounc'd.* The quartos have "pronounst," the 1st and 2d folios "pronounc'st."

59. *Aged.* The 2d quarto and folios have "noble."

64. *Ay me*. H. and some others print "Ah me," which is found in the early eds. only in *R.* and *ℑ*. v. 1. 10 (in *Id.* i. 1. 167, ii. 1. 10, ii. 2. 25, and iii. 2. 36, we find *Ay me*). Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 128.

66. *Speak, my Lavinia*. The reading of 2d folio; the earlier eds. omit *my*.

67. *Sight*. Theo. reads "spight" (= *spite*).

71. *Nilus*. The form is often used in *A.* and *C.*; as in i. 2. 49, i. 3. 69, ii. 7. 23, etc.

72. *I 'll chop*. Steevens conjectured "or chop," because Titus, after chopping off one hand, would not be able to chop off the other! Cf. 77. 78 just below.

75. *Prayer*. A dissyllable, like *hour* in ii. 4. 54 above. Gr. 480.

80. *Is*. Changed by Rowe and H. to "are."

82. *Engine*. Instrument; as often. Cf. *V.* and *A.* 367: "Once more the engine of her thoughts began;" and see also *T. G. of V.* p. 140.

86. *Sweet varied*. Walker would read "sweet-varied."

90. *Unrecuring*. Incurable. Cf. *unrecalling* in *R.* of *L.* 993; and see Gr. 372. For *recure* = cure, see *Rich.* III. p. 220.

91. *Deer*. For the play on *dear*, cf. *V.* and *A.* 231, *M. W.* v. 5. 18, 123, *T. of S.* v. 2. 56, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 107, *Mach.* iv. 3. 206, etc.

92. *Kill'd me dead*. Cf. *Ham.* p. 226.

97. *His*. Its. Gr. 228.

101. *Spurn*. Thrust, hurt.

105. *Lively*. Living; as in *Sonn.* 67. 10, etc. Here *lively body* is opposed to the lifeless *picture*. St. quotes Massinger, *Fatal Dowry*, ii. 1:

"That his dear father might interment have,
See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!"

112. *Honey-dew*. The hyphen is not in the early eds. Cf. *ℑ. C.* p. 148, note on *The honey-heavy dew of slumber*.

115. *Knows them*. The 2d quarto and folios have "knows him."

121. *Sign*. The folios have "signes" or "signs."

125. *As*. The early eds. all have "in;" corrected by Coll. from his MS. Rowe reads "like."

134. *Misery*. The folios have "miseries."

139. *Wot*. See on ii. 1. 86 above.

140. *Napkin*. Handkerchief; the only meaning in *S.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 190.

146. *With his*. The reading of the 4th folio; "with her" in the earlier eds.

149. *Limbo*. "The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools" (Reed). See *P. L.* iii. 495. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 261: "and talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what;" *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 67: "I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum;" and *C. of E.* iv. 2. 32: "No, he 's in Tartar Limbo, worse than hell." The word is still used as a cant term for prison.

160. *I 'll send*, etc. Capell reads "I 'll send the king my hand ;" and the Coll. MS. "I 'll send my hand to him."

170. *Castle*. Theo. reads "casque" and H. "casques" (the conjecture of Lettsom). Walker suggests "crests." Schmidt explains thus: "Each hand of yours has been employed in defending Rome and in assailing and destroying the strongholds of enemies." The term *castle* appears to have been sometimes applied to a kind of close helmet, and some see that sense here as well as in *T. and C.* v. 2. 187 (cf. our ed. p. 209). Nares cites Holinshed: "Then suddenlie with a great noise of trumpets entered Sir Thomas Knevet in a castell of cole blacke."

186. *Use the axe*. Capell conjectures "use it."

192. *Hour*. A dissyllable, as in ii. 3. 256 and ii. 4. 54 above. Cf. *power* in 209 below.

210. *Willt*. The quartos have "would." Capell conjectures "won't."

217. *Is not my sorrow*, etc. Walker conjectures "Are not my sorrows," etc.

225. *Coil*. Ado. See *M. N. D.* p. 168.

226. *Blow*. The reading of 2d folio; "flow" in earlier eds.

231. *For why*, etc. We follow the pointing of the early eds. See *T. G. of V.* p. 139. Capell has "For why?"

240. *That woe*, etc. *So that woe*, etc. Gr. 283.

245. *Some deal*. Somewhat; formerly printed as one word. Cf. Phaer, *Virgil*, 1600: "But for Æneas love with me somedeale I like she burne;" Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Dec.: "Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth," etc.

250. *Breathe*. The reading of 4th folio; the earlier eds. have "breath."

252. *Starved*. Benumbed with cold; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 343: "I fear me you but warm the starved snake." Cf. *M. of V.* p. 158.

257. *Dear*. Hanmer reads "dire."

260. *Thy griefs*. The early eds. have "my griefs;" corrected by Theo. *Control*=restrain; as in v. 1. 26 below.

261. *Rent*. The reading of all the early eds., generally changed to "rend," of which it is an old form. See *M. N. D.* p. 166.

262. *Gnawing*. Capell has "Gnaw."

282. *Employ'd in these things*. The folio reading; the quartos have "in these Armes." The Camb. editors say: "Perhaps the original MS. had as follows:

'And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imployd,
Bear thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth.'

The author or some other corrector, to soften what must have been ludicrous in representation, wrote 'Armes' above 'teeth' as a substitute for the latter. The printer of the 1st quarto took 'Armes' to belong to the first line, and conjectionally filled up the lacuna with 'in these,' making also an accidental alteration in the position of 'thou.' Then a corrector of the 2d quarto, from which the 1st folio was printed, made sense of the passage by substituting 'things' for 'Armes.'" Lettsom conjectures that the original reading was "Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this," and that "*arms* and *things* were sophistications to produce something like sense." Even if the first line was originally as he suggests,

the "arms" may have got into it by being written above *teeth* as an emendation. The carrying of the hand by the *teeth* could hardly have survived a representation of the play on the stage. It was not only ludicrous, but unnecessary, for Lavinia could easily have carried the hand between her arms. A good conjectural reading would therefore be :

"Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in this;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy arms."

Capell changes *teeth* to "arms." W. adopts Dyce's conjecture, "employ'd in these aims."

287. *You do.* The Coll. MS. has "'t is true."

292. *Leaves.* The early eds. have "loves;" corrected by Rowe.

294. *Tofore.* Before; used by Armado in *L. L. L.* iii. i. 83.

300. *Power.* Force, army; as very often, both in the singular and in the plural. Cf. iv. 4. 63 below; and see *J. C.* p. 168, note on *Are levying powers*.

SCENE II.—The whole of this scene is omitted in the quartos. Cf. p. 10 above.

4. *That sorrow-wreathen knot.* Illustrated and explained by *Temp.* i. 2. 224: "His arms in this sad knot."

6. *Passionate.* Express *passionately*, or feelingly. Cf. *passion* in i. i. 106 above. Spenser uses the verb in *F. Q.* i. 12. 16:

"Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate."

9. *Who, when my heart,* etc. For this "relative with a supplementary pronoun," which is common enough in Elizabethan writers, see Gr. 248, 249. Rowe (followed by H.) "corrects" it here by reading "And, when," etc.

12. *Map of woe.* Cf. *Rich. II.* v. i. 12: "Thou map of honour," etc.

27. *Bid Æneas,* etc. Cf. v. 3. 80 fol. below.

29. *O handle not,* etc. For the quibble, cf. *T. and C.* i. i. 55: "Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand." Rowe reads "no talk of hands."

31. *Square.* Shape; as in *A. W.* ii. i. 153: "As 't is with us that square our guess by shows," etc.

37. *No other drink but tears.* Malone quotes 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 75: "Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes;" and *V. and A.* 949: "Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?"

38. *Mesh'd.* Equivalent to "mash'd" (the brewer's term), which some editors substitute. Cf. Wb.

44. *Of these.* From these. Gr. 166.

45. *Still practice.* "Constant or continual practice" (Johnson). Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 229: "still use of grief makes wild grief tame."

48. *Passion.* See on i. i. 106 above.

54. *Kill'st my heart.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. i. 92: "The king has killed his heart." See also *Rich. II.* v. i. 100, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 149, etc.

60. *But how,* etc. The folio prints "But?" and the Camb. ed. has "But!" as if repeating the *but* of the preceding line. For *father* and

mother? Capell reads "father, sir?" and Ritson conjectures "father, brother?" Some such change is suggested by the following *he* and *his*, but, as D. remarks, "there is little *sense* throughout this scene."

62. *Lamenting doings.* That is, lamentations. Hanmer reads "laments and doings," and Theo. "lamenting dolings." "Dronings" has also been suggested for *doings*.

71. *Insult on.* Exult or triumph over. Elsewhere we have *insult over*; as in *Sonn.* 107. 12, *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 36, etc.

76. *Yet, I think, we are not brought so low.* That is, we are not yet brought so low. Gr. 76. Pope reads "Yet still I think;" Capell, "Why, yet, I think;" and Steevens, "Yet I do think." W. conjectures "But yet I think," or "Yet do I think."

81. *Come, take away.* The 1st folio has "*An.* Come, take away;" the 2d, "And: Come take away;" and the 3d and 4th, "And, Come take away," thus continuing the speech to Marcus. Rowe omitted "And." Capell was the first to restore the true reading (Camb. ed.).

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—9. *Fear her not.* The folios have "Feare not," and Rowe "Fear thou not."

10. *See, Lucius,* etc. The early eds. add this speech to the preceding one. The correction was suggested by Walker. Capell (followed by many editors) gives only line 15 to Marcus.

11. *Somewhither.* Found nowhere else in S. The quartos and 1st folio have "Some whether;" the 2d folio "Some whither."

12. *Cornelia.* The mother of the Gracchi.

14. *Tully's Orator.* Cicero's *De Oratore*. Rowe has "Oratory," and Pope "oratory."

19. *Griefs.* The 1st quarto has "greeves;" and Rowe reads "grief."

20. *Hecuba.* She has been referred to, though not mentioned by name, in i. 1. 136 above.

21. *For sorrow.* The 2d quarto and the folios have "through sorrow."

36. *Reveal,* etc. After this line the folios insert "What booke?" as a separate line. W. retains this, with the remark that "Lavinia is searching among the books; and perhaps the line is mutilated."

37. *In sequence.* One after the other, alternately.

39. *Fact.* Deed; or crime, as some make it. See *Macb.* p. 225.

45. *Soft! see how busily,* etc. The early eds. have "Soft, so busily;" corrected by Rowe. Capell reads "Soft, soft! how busily," etc.

46. *What would she find?* The early eds. have "Helpe her, what would she finde?" but D. is probably right in taking "Helpe her" to be a stage-direction that accidentally got into the text. Capell prints it as a separate line.

47. *Philomel.* See on ii. 3. 43 above.

49. *Annoy.* For the noun, cf. *V. and A.* 497, 599, *R. of L.* 1109, 1370, *Sonn.* 8. 4, etc.

50. *Quotes.* Observes. See *Ham.* p. 201.

53. *Vast.* Sometimes used "of darkness and dark places not to be taken in at one view" (Schmidt). Cf. v. 2. 36 below. See also *R. of L.* 767, *Oth.* i. 3. 140, etc.

70. *When.* Omitted in the quartos and 1st folio. The Coll. MS. has "where."

78. *Stuprum.* Rape (Latin).

81. *Magne dominator poli,* etc. Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? From Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671; the correct reading being "*Magne regnator deum*," etc. The early eds. have "*Magni*;" corrected by Theo.

86. *Exclaims.* For the noun, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 2: "your exclaims;" and see our ed. p. 157.

89. *Fere.* Mate, husband. See *Per.* p. 129. The 4th folio has "peer."

91. *Junius Brutus.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1807 fol.

92. *By good advice.* By well-considered means. Coll. conjectures "device."

94. *Or die.* Theo. has "ere die."

95. *Knew how.* The Coll. MS. adds "to do it."

96. *Hunt.* Rowe reads "hurt."

97. *Wind.* Get wind of, scent. Cf. the noun in iv. 2. 133 below. See also *A. W.* iii. 6. 122: "this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind," etc. St. reads: "The dam will wake, an if she," etc.

101. *Let it alone.* The first quarto has "let alone."

103. *Gad.* Point. The only other instance of the word in S. is in *Lear*, i. 2. 26: "Upon the gad" (=suddenly).

105. *Sibyl's leaves.* Steevens quotes Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 75:

"Foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis."

A better reference would have been to *Æn.* iii. 444 fol.

124. *Compassion.* Pity; the only instance of the verb in S.

125. *Ecstasy.* Excitement. Cf. iv. 4. 21 below, where it is =madness. See also *Macb.* p. 211.

129. *Revenge, ye heavens.* The early eds. have "Revenge the heavens." Hamner reads "Revenge, O heavens," and Capell "Revenge thee, heaven." The text is the conjecture of Johnson.

SCENE II.—7. *Gramercy.* See on i. 1. 495 above.

8. *Decipher'd.* Detected; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 184:

"I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite," etc.

The line is omitted in the folios.

10. *Well advis'd.* In his right mind; as opposed to *mad*. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 215: "Sleeping or waking? mad or well advis'd?" See also *Rich. III.* i. 3. 318, iv. 4. 518, etc.

16. *Appointed.* Equipped. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 190: "With well-appointed powers," etc.

20. *Integer vitae,* etc. He who is pure in life and free from guilt needs not the javelins of the Moor nor the bow (Horace, *Carm.* i. 22).

24. *Just.* Just so; as in *M. for M.* iii. i. 68, *Much Ado*, ii. i. 29, etc. K. and V. point "Ay, just a verse in Horace;" that is, merely a verse, etc.

26. *Here's no sound jest!* If the text be right, this must be taken ironically, as Malone and St. explain it. Theo. changes *sound* to "fond" (=foolish), which is very plausible.

27. *Sends them.* The 2d quarto and folios have "sends the."

42. *At such a bay.* Thus in my power; a figure taken from the chase. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 128: "To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay;" and see our ed. p. 186.

43. *A charitable wish*, etc. Walker conjectures that this line belongs to Aaron, with the next.

44. *For to say.* See Gr. 152.

50. *Belike.* It is likely. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. i. 130, *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 55, etc. It is followed by *that* in *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 90.

65. *The devil's dam.* Cf. *K. John*, ii. i. 128, *Oth.* iv. i. 153, etc.

68. *Breeders.* The Coll. MS. has "burdens."

71. *Zounds.* The reading of all the quartos, for which the folios substitute "Out." Cf. *Oth.* p. 11, foot-note. Theo. reads "Out, out, you," and Capell "Out on you," etc.

72. *Blowse.* "A ruddy, fat-faced wench" (Schmidt). Cf. Wb. The word is found nowhere else in S. As generally defined it does not seem appropriate to a black baby, and W. suggests that it may have become "a familiar term of jocose endearment for a child."

85. *Broach.* Spit. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. chor. 32: "Bringing rebellion broached on his sword."

93. *Enceladus.* One of the Giants of ancient fable. For *Typhon* (or Typhoeus), another of them, see *T. and C.* p. 172.

95. *Alcides.* Hercules. See *M. of V.* p. 138.

97. *Ye sanguine.* Hammer reads "y' unsanguine."

98. *White-lim'd.* Whitewashed. The quartos have "white-limbde," and the folios "white-limb'd;" corrected by Pope and Theo.

101. *Ocean.* A trisyllable; as in iv. 3. 7 below. Cf. also *M. of V.* i. i. 8 and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. i. 50. Gr. 479.

104. *Empress.* A trisyllable; as in 143 below. See on i. i. 240 above. For *of age* the Coll. MS. has "a man."

110. *Maugre.* In spite of; found also in *T. N.* iii. i. 163 and *Lear*, v. 3. 131.

113. *Escape.* Sally, loose freak (Fr. *escapade*). See *Oth.* p. 165; and cf. *scape* in *W. T.* iii. 3. 73: "Sure, some scape; though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape." Wb. recognizes this sense under *scape*, but not under *escape*.

115. *Ignomy.* The quartos have "ignomie," the folios "ignominie" or "ignominy." For *ignomy*, which was a contracted form of *ignominy*, see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 202.

118. *Enacts.* Actions; the only instance of the noun in S. For *close* = secret, cf. *Macb.* p. 223.

119. *Leer.* "Complexion" (Steevens). Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. i. 67: "a Rosalind of a better leer than you." Steevens quotes the old metrical romance

of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, MS. : "When he saugh the ladies so whyte of lere."

122. *Sensibly*. "As a sensible creature, endowed with the same feeling as you" (Schmidt).

123. *That self blood*. That same blood. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 33: "That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee," etc. Gr. 20.

129. *Advise thee*. Consider. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 102: "Advise you what you say," etc.

136. *When we join*, etc. The 2d folio has "when we all join." Abbott (Gr. 485) makes *lords* a dissyllable.

138. *The chafed boar*. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 203: "Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat;" and see our ed. p. 140, or *J. C.* p. 131.

139. *As Aaron*. The 1st and 2d folios misprint "at Aaron."

143. *Empress*. Cf. 104 above.

144. *Two may keep counsel*, etc. A proverb, quoted also in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 209: "Two may keep counsel, putting one away."

152. *Not far one Muli lives*, etc. The early eds. have "Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman." Rowe inserted "lives" after "Muliteus;" but Steevens was probably right in his conjecture that the proper name and the verb are blended in the un-Moorish "Muliteus." The Coll. MS. has "Not far hence, Muli lives."

155. *Pack*. Plot, conspire in a fraud. Cf. *T. of S.* v. i. 121: "Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all." See also *Much Ado*, p. 167.

162. *Hark ye, lords*. Theo. reads "my lords," and Capell "But hark ye, lords."

163. *Bestow her funeral*. Give her burial.

165. *No longer days*. No more time. The Coll. MS. has "make no long delays."

171. *Exeunt Demetrius*, etc. This is one of the many instances in which the actors had to attend to the removal of a body from the stage. See *Ham.* p. 242, note on 210.

173. *Dispose*. Dispose of; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 225: "The mariners say how thou hast dispos'd;" *C. of E.* i. 2. 73: "And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge," etc.

176. *Puts*. Theo. reads "put."

177. *Feed*. The Coll. MS. has "thrive;" and in the next line the early eds. have "feed" for *feast*, which is due to Hanmer. The Globe ed. "obelizes" the second *feed*.

SCENE III.—2. *Now let*. The quartos and 1st folio omit *now*, which the 2d folio supplied.

4. *Terras Astræa reliquit*. Astræa (the goddess of justice) left the earth (Ovid, *Met.* i. 150).

5. *Be you remember'd*. Cf. *R. of L.* 607:

"O be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away."

Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 184, note on *I am remember'd*.

7. *Ocean*. See on iv. 2. 101 above. Cf. *region* in 13 below.

8. For *catch* the 2d quarto and the folios have "finde" or "find."

Happily. "Haply" (the folio reading). See *T. N.* p. 158, or *Gr.* 42.

9. *At land*. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 5, *A. and C.* ii. 6. 25, iii. 7. 54, iv. 5. 3, etc.

26. *Distract*. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 42, *J. C.* iv. 3. 155, etc.

27. *Lord*. The quartos and 1st folio have "lords;" corrected in 2d folio.

30. *Careful*. D. and H. adopt Walker's conjecture of "easeful."

33. *Wreak*. Revenge. Cf. iv. 4. 11 below, and *Cor.* iv. 5. 91:

"Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee," etc.

See also the verb in 51 below, and in *V. and A.* 1004.

36. *What*. Hanmer transfers the word to the end of the preceding line.

39. *So employ'd*. Hanmer has "now employ'd."

44. *Acheron*. The infernal river is here made a *burning lake*. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 357, *Macb.* iii. 5. 15, etc.

On the passage, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 203:

"Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks."

46. *Cyclops'*. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 511: "the Cyclops' hammers."

49. *Sith*. Since. See on i. 1. 271 above. The Coll. MS. has "sith no justice is;" and D. reads "sith there's justice nor in earth nor hell."

52. *Gear*. Affair, business. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 17: "To this gear the sooner the better," etc.

53. *Ad Jovem*. To Jupiter; as *Ad Apollinem*, To Apollo; and *Ad Martem*, To Mars.

55. *To Pallas*. Some eds. put this in quotation marks; also *to Mercury*, *to Saturn*, and *to Saturnine*.

56. *To Saturn*, *Caius*. The early eds. have "To Saturnine, to Caius;" corrected by Capell. Rowe (2d ed.) reads "To Saturn and to Cœlus."

57. *You were as good*. You might as well. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 1. 111: "a' were as good crack a fusty nut," etc.

58. *Loose*. Let fly, shoot. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 207: "many arrows, loosed several ways," etc.

63. *Well said*. Well done; as often. See *Oth.* p. 174, or *R. and J.* p. 161.

64. *Virgo*. The zodiacal constellation, which, according to the old myth, represents *Astræa*, after she had left the earth. Cf. 4 above. Capell reads "she'll give it Pallas," and Johnson "give it to Pallas."

76. *His lordship*. The 2d quarto and the folios have "your lordship."

80. *O, the gibbet-maker!* Steevens supposed that the clown understood *Jupiter* as *Jew Peter*, but, as St. suggests, it is more likely that he took it to be *gibbeter*.

91. *Tribunal plebs*. The clown's blunder for *tribunus plebis*, or tribune of the people; as *emperial's* for *emperor's*.

92. *Take up*. That is, make up, settle. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 320: "I have his horse to take up the quarrel," etc.

111. *Bravely*. That is, *with a grace*, or in good style. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 83:

"Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel;" etc.

SCENE IV.—3. *Extent*. Maintenance; the only instance of this sense in S.

4. *Equal*. The quartos and 1st folio have "egall," a form found in the folio in *M. of V.* iii. 4. 13 also. In *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 213 the same ed. has "egally."

5. *You know, as know*. The early eds. have simply "you know;" corrected in the Camb. ed. Rowe reads "you know, as do," etc. *Mightful* is found nowhere else in S.

11. *Wreaks*. Resentments. See on iv. 3. 33 above. Hanmer reads "freaks."

18. *Injustice*. The quartos have "unjustice;" a form found nowhere else in the early eds.

21. *Ecstasies*. Insanity. See on iv. 1. 125 above.

24. *If she sleep*. The early eds. have "he" for *she*, and "as he" in the next line; corrected by Rowe.

25. *As she*. That *she*. Gr. 109. Cf. ii. 3. 103 above.

26. *Proud'st*. For contracted superlatives, of which we have already had several examples in the play, see Gr. 473.

32. *Comfort*. Capell reads "pity."

35. *High-witted*. Cunning, artful. See on ii. 1. 10 above.

Gloze. Wheedle, cajole, use flattery or deceit. Cf. *Per.* p. 132.

37. *Thy life-blood out*. And drawn thy life-blood out. The 2d folio has "ont" for *out*, and the 3d "on't." W. reads "My life-blood on't!" and the Coll. MS. has "the life-blood on't." Walker conjectures that a line has been lost, like "And through the bodies of thy children drawn." It is not improbable that there is some corruption in the text.

38. *Anchor*. The 2d quarto and the folios have "anchor's."

40. *Mistership*. Johnson reads "mistress-ship;" but *mistership* may be meant for a clownish blunder, like *emperial*.

42. *God-den*. Good-evening. See *R. and J.* p. 148, or *Hen. V.* p. 164. The 1st quarto has "godden," the 2d quarto and the folios (except the 4th, which has "good e'en") have "good den."

45. *Presently*. Immediately. See on ii. 3. 62 above.

48. *Up a neck*. The Coll. MS. has "my neck."

57. *Shape*. Form. Hanmer reads "share," and the Coll. MS. "have."

59. *Holp'st*. S. has *holp* for the past tense of *help* except in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 167 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 138, where we find *helped*; and it is used ten times for the participle, while *helped* occurs only four times.

61. *Enter EMILIUS*. The early eds. all have "*Enter Nuntius Emillius*" (or "*Emilius*").

63. *Power*. See on iii. 1. 300 above.

65. *Conduct*. Here accented on the second syllable. The later folios have "the conduct."

67. *In course of this revenge*. In carrying out this plan of revenge. Rowe reads "his revenge."

72. *Ay, now begin.* The quartos and 1st folio have "I now begins," or "I, now begins." *Ay* in the early eds. is always printed "I."

74. *Myself.* Usually first person; but cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 217: "Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case." See also *Much Ado*, v. 2. 89. Theo. reads "hath often overheard," and Hamner "have often overheard," etc.

76. *Wrongfully.* For adverbs used as adjectives in S. see Schmidt, p. 1418.

78. *Your city.* The folios have "our city."

81. *Imperious.* See on i. 1. 250 above; and cf. v. 1. 6 below.

85. *Wings.* K. reads "wing" for the sake of the rhyme, making 83-86 a quatrain. But the final -s was sometimes disregarded in rhymes. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 149, note on 88.

86. *Stint.* Check, stop. Cf. *Per.* iv. 4. 42: "and swears she 'll never stint," etc.

91. *Honey-stalks.* "Clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die" (Johnson). Mason remarks that, though this may be true of cattle, it is not of *sheep*.

92. *Whenas.* When. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 142.

93. *Feed.* The folios have "Foode" or "Food."

96. *Smooth.* Flatter; as in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 48: "Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog." See also v. 2. 140 below.

100. *Before, be.* The quartos have "before to be," and the folios "before to;" corrected by Capell. Rowe has "before as."

103. *Even at, etc.* The line is omitted in the 2d quarto and the folios.

105. *Stand on hostage.* Insist on a hostage. The quartos and first three folios have "in hostage;" corrected in 4th folio.

109. *Temper.* Mould, dispose. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 64:

"Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend."

113. *Successantly.* A word not found elsewhere; changed by Rowe to "successfully," and by Capell to "incessantly" (=instantly). Schmidt is in doubt whether it means "successfully" or "following after another (namely, Æmilius, who had gone before)." Coll. conjectures "go thou instantly" or "go and plead incessantly."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—1. *Approv'd.* Tried, tested. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 394: "of approved valour," etc.

3. *Signify.* The early eds. have "signifies;" corrected by Rowe.

6. *Imperious.* Cf. iv. 4. 81 above.

7. *Scath.* Harm, injury. See *K. John*, p. 141.

9. *Slip.* Scion. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 142:

"For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood," etc.

12. *Ingrateful*. Used by S. oftener than *ungrateful*, which, however, occurs twice in the present play (iv. 1. 111 and iv. 3. 17 above). Cf. *K. John*, p. 180.

13. *Be bold*. The 1st and 2d folios misprint "Behold."

17. *And as he saith*, etc. The quartos and 1st folio omit the prefix to this speech. The 2d folio inserts "*Omn.*" (= *Omnes*).

21. *Monastery*. The anachronism needs no comment. Cf. 76 below.

26. *Controll'd*. See on iii. 1. 260 above.

28. *Bewray*. See on ii. 4. 3 above.

42. *The pearl*, etc. "An allusion to the old proverb, 'A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye'" (Malone). Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 2. 12: "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

44. *Wall-eyed*. Fierce-eyed. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 49: "wall-eyed wrath or staring rage."

46. *Not a word*. Keightley reads "What! not a word?"

53. *Get me a ladder*. In the early eds. this is given to Aaron; corrected by Pope (the conjecture of Theo.). K. follows the old text, and says: "He may mean, Execute me, but save the child!"

58. *Vengeance rot you all!* The Camb. ed. was the first to put these words in quotation-marks.

65. *Complots*. Cf. ii. 3. 265 above.

66. *Piteously*. "In a manner exciting pity" (Steevens). Cf. *pitifully* in *M. W.* iv. 2. 212: "he beat him most pitifully." H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "pitilessly," and Sr. reads "piteousless." The Coll. MS. has "despitefully," omitting *yet*.

67. *In my death*. The 2d quarto and the folios have "by my death."

74. *For*. Because; as in 158 below. See on iii. 1. 40 above. *Religious* is a quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

88. *Luxurious*. Lustful; the only meaning in S. Cf. *Macb.* p. 239.

93. *Cut her hands*. The folios add "off."

94. *Detestable*. Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. *K. John*, p. 160, or *R. and J.* p. 208.

99. *Codding*. Lecherous; found nowhere else in S. We doubt whether it is connected with the provincial *cod*=pillow, as some of the commentators suppose. The word is not in Wb.

102. *At head*. "An allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose" (Johnson).

104. *Train'd*. Lured, enticed. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 198.

110. *Wherein . . . in it*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 139: "Wherein we play in," etc. Gr. 407.

113. *Extreme*. Accented on the first syllable because followed by a noun so accented. See on *obscure*, ii. 3. 77 above; and cf. *L. L. L.* p. 166.

114. *Pry'd me*. For the expletive use of *me*, see Gr. 220.

119. *Swooned*. The quartos and early folios have "sounded." Cf. *V. and A.* p. 195, note on *Swounds*.

122. *Like a black dog*, etc. The proverb, "to blush like a black dog," is found in Ray's Collection. Walker quotes Withal, *Adagia*, p. 557: "*Faciem perfricuit*. Hee blusheth like a blacke dogge, he hath a brazen face."

132. *Break their necks.* Malone conjectures that we should add "and die," and Jackson "stray and break their necks." The Coll. MS. has "ofttimes break," and H. "fall and break." The Globe ed. "obelizes" the line.

133. *Set fire on.* The only instance of the phrase in S. *Set fire to* is not found in his works.

136. *Doors.* The quartos and 1st folio have "doore;" corrected in 2d folio.

137. *Sorrow . . . was.* The quartos and 1st folio have "sorrowes . . . was;" corrected in the 2d folio. Most editors read "sorrows . . . were," with Malone; but the correction in the text is simpler, and is favoured by 140 just below.

145. *Bring down the devil.* "It appears from this that Aaron had actually mounted the ladder and spoke from it in the old English fashion of Tyburn executions" (V.).

Presently. Immediately. See on ii. 3. 62 above.

158. *For.* Because. Cf. 74 above.

SCENE II.—2. *Encounter with.* Meet. Cf. i *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 46: "When ladies crave to be encounter'd with," etc.

9. *Enter TITUS, above.* The stage-direction in the early eds. is "*They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.*" From what follows it is evident that he came out into the balcony at the back of the stage. See on i. 1. 18 above. His *exit above* at 69 is not indicated in the early eds.; neither is his *entrance below* at 81, where he joins Tamora and her sons on the stage.

11. *Decrees.* Resolutions; as in *R. of L.* 1030, etc.

16. *I am come.* D. and H. read "I now am come."

18. *Action.* A trisyllable. Cf. *contemplation* in 9 above; and see on i. 1. 190, etc. The quartos read "give that accord," and Pope has "give it that accord."

22. *Witness these.* Theo. omits *witness.*

31. *Thy mind.* The 1st folio has "the mind," and "my foes" in the next line.

32. *Wreakful.* Resenting. See on *wreak* in iv. 3. 33 above.

45. *Stands.* Changed by Hanmer to "stand."

46. *Surance.* The reading of all the early eds. Hanmer and others print "'surance."

49. *Globe.* The early eds. have "globes;" corrected by D.

50. *Provide thee.* Rowe and others omit *thee.*

51. *Hale.* Haul, draw. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 137.

52. *Murtherers.* The early eds. have "murder;" corrected by Capell. The quartos and 1st folio also have "cares" for *caves*; corrected in 2d folio.

53. *Loaden.* Used by S. six times, *laden* only four times (cf. i. 1. 36 above).

56. *Hyperion's.* The sun's. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 292, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 207, *Ham.* i. 2. 140, iii. 4. 56, etc. Here the quartos have "Epeons," the 1st folio "Eptons," and the 2d folio "Hiperions."

59. *Rapine.* Used several times here as = *Rape*. The word is found nowhere else in S.

61. *These*. The quartos and 1st folio have "them," the later folios "they;" corrected by D.

68. *Embracement*. Used by S. oftener than *embrace*.

70. *Closing with him*. Agreeing with him, humouring him.

77. *Out of hand*. Directly, at once; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 102, 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 63, etc.

80. *Ply*. The folios have "play." W. thinks that the allusion may be musical, and "play" the right reading.

87. *Wot*. See on ii. 1. 48 above.

90. *Convenient*. Fit, proper.

107. *Up and down*. Out and out, exactly. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 130.

132. *Business*. A trisyllable; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22, etc.

137. *Bide*. Rowe has "abide."

140. *Smooth*. See on iv. 4. 96 above.

Speak him fair. Conciliate or humour him. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 159 (note on 266), or *R. and J.* p. 183 (on 150).

147. *Complot*. See on ii. 3. 265 above.

162. *And stop*, etc. The line is omitted in the folios; restored to the text by Capell.

189. *Coffin*. The crust of a pie. Cf. *custard-coffin* in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 82; and see our ed. p. 163.

192. *Increase*. Produce; as in *Sonn.* 97. 6: "The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase," etc. On the passage, cf. Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, v. 241:

"It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth."

The 1st folio omits *own*.

195. *Philomel*. See on ii. 3. 43 above. *Progne*, or *Procne*, was the sister of Philomela and wife of Tereus, whose son Itys she slaughtered and served up for his father to eat.

200. *Temper*. Mix; as in *Cymb.* v. 5. 250: "To temper poisons for her," etc.

202. *Officious*. Ready to do service, active. Here the word is a quadrisyllable. See on *spacious*, ii. 1. 114 above.

203. *May*. The folios have "might."

204. *The Centaurs' feast*. That is, the marriage feast of Perithous and Hippodamia, at which the famous "battle with the Centaurs" (see *M. N. D.* v. 1. 44) took place.

206. *'Gainst*. The quartos have "against."

SCENE III.—I. *Uncle Marcus*, etc. Walker conjectures "Since, uncle Marcus, 'tis," etc.

3. *And ours with thine*. "And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may" (Malone).

17. *Moe*. The quarto reading; "more" in the folios. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

19. *Break the parle*. Open the parley (Johnson). Coll. thinks the meaning may be "break off your angry parley with the emperor." For *parle*, see *Hen. V.* p. 164.

33. *Beholding*. "Beholden" (Rowe's reading). See *M. of V.* p. 135.
35. *Resolve*. Answer, tell. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 2. 7: "What, master, read you? First resolve me that," etc.
38. *Enforc'd*. Forced, violated. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 205: "Lamenting some enforced chastity," etc. But, as Steevens notes, Virginia died unviolated.
43. *And effectual*. Hanmer omits *and*.
48. *Unkind*. Equivalent to *unnatural*. See *Lear*, p. 176, or *T. N.* p. 156.
50. *Virginius*. "There was a play upon the story of Virginus and his daughter long anterior to that of John Webster, so that audiences were well acquainted with the incidents before S. wrote" (Coll.).
52. *To do*, etc. The line is omitted in the folios.
55. *Thus*. Omitted in the 2d quarto and 1st folio.
73. *Lest Rome*, etc. The early eds. have "Let," etc.; corrected by Capell. The quartos give the remainder of this speech to a "*Roman Lord*," and the folios to a "*Goth*." Malone substituted "*Sen.*" (=Senator). Capell continued the speech to Marcus, as in the text, and has been generally followed. The Camb. editors say: "The corruption was perhaps due to a copyist or printer, who, not seeing that *Let* was miswritten for *Lest*, yet felt that the words *Let Rome*, etc., were not suitable to Marcus, and gave them to a Roman lord at a guess. The editor of the 1st folio, or some corrector of the quarto from which he printed, thinking the words not suitable to a Roman, gave them to a Goth."
74. *Curtsey*. The quartos and early folios have "cursie," as in sundry other passages. See *Much Ado*, p. 159, and *M. of V.* p. 128.
77. *Chaps*. Wrinkles. Cf. *R. of L.* 1452: "Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd."
80. *Our ancestor*. That is, Æneas. See on ii. 3. 22 above.
85. *Sinon*. The Greek who persuaded the Trojans to take the wooden horse into their city. Cf. *R. of L.* 1521, 1529, 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 190, and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 61.
88. *Compact*. Composed. Cf. *V. and A.* 149: "Love is a spirit, all compact of fire," etc.
91. *My utterance*. The 2d quarto and the folios have "my very utterance." *Even* is of course a dissyllable; as in ii. 3. 162 above.
94. *A captain*. Walker conjectures "our captain," which may be right.
96. *Then*. The folios have "this."
99. *It were*. Hanmer reads "they were," and Capell "it was."
100. *Faults*. D. reads "fault," which may be right.
101. *And basely cozen'd*. That is, and *he* basely cozened.
109. *I am the turned forth*. The reading of the 1st quarto (not "turn'd," as H. states). The 2d quarto has "And I am the turned forth;" the first three folios, "And I am turned forth;" and the 4th folio, "And I am turn'd forth."
119. *This child*. The 1st quarto has "the child."
124. *Damn'd as he is*. The early eds. have "And as he is;" emended by Theo. Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 63: "Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her." See also 201 below.

125. *Cause*. The reading of the 4th folio; "course" in all earlier eds.
126. *Patience*. A trisyllable. Cf. *impatient* in ii. 1. 76 above.
132. *Will*. Rowe reads "We'll;" and "out" for *forth* in the next line.
134. *Closure*. Close, end. Elsewhere (in *V. and A.* 782, *Sonn.* 48. 11, and *Rich. III.* iii. 3. 11) it is = enclosure.
137. *Come, come*. Capell reads "Come down, come down."
140. *Do cry*. Hanmer has "doth cry."
141. *Lucius, all hail*, etc. This line, as also 146 below, is made a part of Marcus's speech in all the early eds.; corrected by Capell. K. follows the old text, and remarks: "Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what 'the common voice' has required."
143. *Hale*. See on v. 2. 51 above.
144. *Slaughtering*. The Coll. MS. has "lingering," and Walker conjectures "direful-slaughtering."
146. *Rome's*. The early eds. have "to Rome's;" corrected by Rowe.
148. *Harms . . . wipe*. Rowe has "harm . . . drive." For the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281.
149. *Give me aim*. "Give room and scope to my thoughts; explained by the following *stand all aloof*" (Schmidt). W. conjectures "air" for *aim*.
150. *Task*. The Coll. MS. has "style," and "bier" for *trunk* in 152.
154. *Blood-stain'd*. The reading of the 3d folio; "blood-slaine" or "blood-slaine" in the earlier eds.
156. *Tear for tear*. Abbott (Gr. 480) makes the first *tear* a dissyllable. Rowe reads "Ay, tear for tear."
169. *Associate*. Accompany, join; as in *R. and J.* v. 2. 6: "One of our order, to associate me."
171. *And take leave of him*. The Coll. MS. has "all that he can have."
186. *Evils*. Rowe has "evil."
195. *Heinous*. The Coll. MS. has "ravenous;" and Rowe changes *tiger* to "tygress."
196. *Mourning*. The 2d quarto and the folios have "mournfull," "mournfull," or "mournful." For *mournful* in the next line, St. conjectures "solemn."
198. *Of prey*. The quartos have "to" for *of*.
199. *Beastly*. The folios have "beast-like."
200. *Shall have*. Hanmer reads "she shall have," For the ellipsis, cf. 101 above.
202. *By whom*. The folios have "From whom."
203. *To order*. Rowe reads "we'll order."
204. *Ruinate*. Cf. *R. of L.* 944: "To ruinate proud buildings," etc.

ADDENDUM.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1877-79, p. 190) thus :

"The period included in this Play is four days represented on the stage; with, possibly, two intervals.

Day 1. Act I., Act II. sc. i.*

" 2. Act II. sc. ii.—iv., Act III. sc. i.

Interval.

" 3. Act III. sc. ii.

Interval.

" 4. Acts IV. and V."

* "Johnson is right in saying that 'this scene ought to continue the first Act.' The fact that in it Chiron and Demetrius are already quarrelling for the love of Lavinia is no sufficient reason for supposing any break in the course of the action: time, throughout the play, is almost annihilated. There is a sequence of events, but no probable time is allowed for between them."





ROMAN TOMB.

INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES EXPLAINED.

abused (=deceived), 148.
accited, 138.
accompanied with, 147.
Acheron, 159.
achieve (=win), 145.
Actæon, 147.
action (trisyllable), 163.
advise thee, 158.
affect (=desire), 145.
affected (=loved), 144.
affy, 138.
age (=seniority), 138.
Alcides, 157.
anchorage (=anchor), 139.
Andronicus (accent), 138.
annoy (noun), 155.
appointed (=equipped), 156.
approve (=prove), 144.
approved (=tested), 161.
as (omitted), 166.
as (=that), 148, 160.
associate (=accompany), 166.
Astræa, 158, 159.
at head, 162.
at land, 159.
at such a bay, 157.
author to dishonour, 143.
ay me, 152.

bay (=barking), 146.
be you remembered, 158.
beholding (=beholden), 143, 165.
belike, 157.
bestow her funeral, 158.
bewray, 150, 162.
bid (=invited), 142.
blowse, 157.
bonjour, 143.
brabble, 145.
bravely, 159.
braves (=bravado), 144.
break the parle, 164.
brethren (trisyllable), 142.
broach (=spit), 157.
business (trisyllable), 164.
by good advice, 156.
by leisure, 141.

candidatus, 140.
castle (=helmet), 153.
Centaur's feast, 164.
Cerberus, 151.
chafed boar, 158.
challenged (=accused), 142.
chaps (=wrinkles), 165.
charming, 144.
chase (= hunting-ground), 149.
cheer (=face), 141.
children (trisyllable), 148.
Cimmerian, 147.
clean (adverb), 139.
closewith (=agree with), 164.
closure (=close), 166.
clubs, clubs! 144.
Cocytus, 149.
codding, 162.
coffin (=pie-crust), 164.
coil (=ado), 153.
compact (=composed), 165.
compassion (verb), 156.
complot (=plot), 149, 162, 164.
conduct (accent), 160.
consecrate (participle), 138, 145.
contemplation (metre), 163.
control (=restrain), 143, 153, 162.
convenient (=fit), 164.
Cornelia, 155.
cousin (=niece), 150.
crack (of thunder), 143.
cuique (trisyllable), 141.
cursie (=curtsy), 165.
Cyclops, 159.

dancing-rapier, 144.
deadly-standing, 147.
deciphered (=detected), 156.
decreed (=resolved), 149.
decrees (=resolutions), 163.
deer (play upon), 152.
detect (=expose), 150.
detestable (accent), 162.
devil's dam, 157.

dispose (=dispose of), 158.
distract (participle), 159.
dominator, 146.
door (dissyllable), 141.
doubted (=suspected), 147.
drive upon, 147.
dumps, 142.

ecstasy (=excitement), 156, 160.
egall (=equal), 160.
election (quadrisyllable), 141.
embracement, 164.
embrewed, 149.
empery's, 159.
emperry, 138.
empress (trisyllable), 141, 144, 147, 157.
enacts (noun), 157.
Enceladus, 157.
encounter with, 163.
enforced (=forced), 165.
engine (=instrument), 152.
entreats (noun), 143.
escape (=sally), 157.
even (dissyllable), 148, 165.
exclaims (noun), 156.
execution (metre), 147.
extent (=maintenance), 160.
extreme (accent), 162.

fact (=deed), 155.
fear (=fear for), 150.
fell (participle), 151.
fere, 156.
file our engines, etc., 145.
fire (dissyllable), 139.
fond (=foolish), 149.
for (=because), 151, 162, 163.
for to, 157.
for why, 153.
forfend, 143.
fraught (noun), 139.
friendly (adverb), 141.
funerals (number), 142.

gad, 156.
gear (=business), 159.

gentleness (= kindness),

141.

give me aim, 166.

glistering, 144.

gloze, 160.

god-den, 160.

gramercy, 143, 156.

gratulate, 141.

grey, 146.

ground (play upon), 145.

hale (=haul), 163, 166.

handle (play upon), 154.

happy (=lucky), 146.

heart (=what is in the heart),

150.

Hecuba, 155.

highest-peering, 144.

high-witted, 160.

his (=its), 152.

hit (play upon), 145.

holp, 160.

honey-dew, 152.

honey-stalks, 161.

horse (plural), 146.

hour (dissyllable), 149, 151,

153.

Hyperion, 163.

ignomy, 157.

in course of, 160.

in sequence, 155.

incorporate (participle), 143.

increase (=produce), 164.

indifferently, 143.

ingrateful, 162.

inherit (=possess), 146.

insult on, 155.

impatient (quadrisyllable),

145.

imperious (=imperial), 141,

161.

jet upon, 145.

joy (=enjoy), 147.

just (=just so), 157.

killst my heart, 154.

kind (=nature), 145.

Laertes' son, 142.

lamenting doings, 155.

larums, 140.

learn (=teach), 148.

leer (=complexion), 157.

Limbo, 152.

lively (=living), 152.

loaden, 163.

loose (=let fly), 159.

loose (=loose one's hold),

149.

lords (dissyllable?), 158.

luxurious (=lustful), 162.

map of woe, 154.

maugre, 157.

me (expletive), 162.

mean (=means), 150.

meshed (=mashed), 154.

mighty, 160.

million (trisyllable), 144.

mistership, 160.

moe, 164.

myself (person), 161.

napkin (=handkerchief),

152.

Nilus, 152.

no longer days, 158.

not with himself (=beside

himself), 142.

obdurate (accent), 148.

obscure (accent), 147.

obtain and ask, 140.

ocean (trisyllable), 157, 158.

of (=from), 154.

officious (=active), 164.

on a heap, 149.

onset (=beginning), 141.

opinion (=reputation), 143.

out, alas! 149.

out of hand (=at once),

164.

overween, 144.

pack (=plot), 158.

palliament, 140.

parcel (=part), 147.

parle, 164.

part (=depart), 143.

passion (=grief), 139, 154.

passionate (verb), 154.

patience (trisyllable), 166.

patient (verb), 139.

Philomel, 147, 155, 164.

Phœbe (=Diana), 142.

piece (contemptuous), 142.

pitch (in falconry), 144.

piteously, 162.

played your prize, 143.

power (=army), 154, 160.

power (dissyllable), 153.

prayer (dissyllable), 152.

present (=instant), 149.

presently (=instantly), 147,

160, 163.

proclamations (metre), 140.

Progne, 164.

Prometheus, 144.

propose (=look forward to),

145.

proud'st, 160.

put it up (=put up with it),

143.

put up, 144.

Pyramus, 149.

quit (=requite), 140.

quotes (=observes), 156.

rapine (=rape), 163.

receptacle (accent), 139.

recur (=cure), 152.

re-edified (=rebuilt), 142.

region (trisyllable), 158.

religious (quadrisyllable),

162.

rent (=rend), 153.

reserve (=preserve), 140.

resolve (=answer), 165.

Romans (spelling), 138.

rosed, 150.

ruffle (=be noisy), 142.

ruinate, 166.

sacred, 145.

scath, 161.

scrowl, 150.

secure of (=safe from),

143.

self (adjective), 158.

Semiramis, 144, 148.

sensibly, 158.

sequestered (accent), 147.

set fire on, 163.

shape (=form), 160.

shipwreck, 144.

shive, 145.

Sibyl's leaves, 156.

Sinon, 165.

sith, 141, 159.

slip (=scion), 161.

smooth (=flatter), 161, 164.

solemn (=formal), 145.

Solon's happiness, 140.

some deal, 153.

somewhither, 155.

sorrow-wreathen knot, 154.

spacious (trisyllable), 145.

speak him fair, 164.

speed (=thrive), 142.

spleenful, 149.

spurn (=thrust), 152.

square (=quarrel), 145.

square (=shape), 154.

stale (noun), 141.

stand on hostage, 161.

starved (with cold), 153.

still (=constant), 154.

stint (=check), 161.

stood upon, 148.

stuprum, 156.

Styx, 139.

successantly, 161.

successive title, 138.

sued (dissyllable), 143.

suppose (noun), 143.

surance, 163.

sweet water, 150.

swooned (spelling), 162.

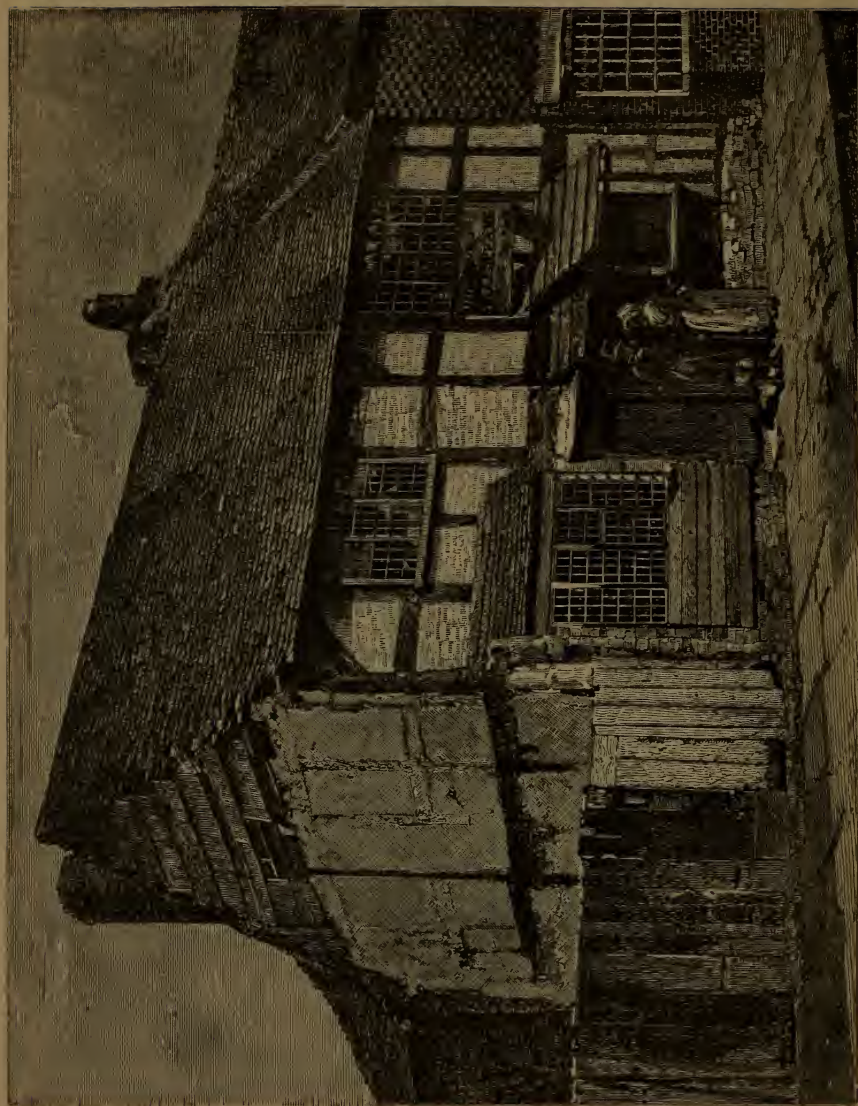
take up (=make up), 159.
 tear (dissyllable?), 166.
 temper (=mix), 164.
 temper (=mould), 161.
 tendering (=caring for),
 143.
 that (=so that), 153.
 ticed, 148.
 timeless, 149.
 Titan (=sun), 141, 150.
 tofore, 154.
 torturing (spelling), 150.
 trained (=lured), 162.
 tribunal plebs, 159.
 triumpher (accent), 140.
 'Tully's Orator, 155.
 Typhon, 157.

unadvised, 144.
 uncouple, 146.
 uncouth (=strange), 149.
 undertake (=vouch), 143.
 unkind (=unnatural), 165.
 unrecuring, 152.
 up and down (=exactly),
 164.
 upon advice, 142.
 urchins (=hedgehogs), 148.
 vast, 156.
 venereal, 147.
 Virgo, 159.
 Vulcan's badge, 145.
 wall-eyed, 162.

weeds (=garments), 139,
 144, 151.
 well advised, 156.
 well said (=well done), 159.
 what (=why), 140.
 whenas, 161.
 white-limed, 157.
 who (=whom), 147.
 wind (=get wind of), 156.
 wit, 144.
 wot, 144, 152, 164.
 wreak (=revenge), 159, 160.
 wreakful, 163.
 wrongfully (adjective), 161.
 yet (transposed), 155.
 you were as good, 159.



THE CLOWN (ACT IV. SCENE 3).



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE (BEFORE ITS RESTORATION).

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I regard your own work as of the highest merit, while you have turned the labors of others to the best possible account. I want to have the higher classes of our schools introduced to Shakespeare chief of all, and then to other standard English authors; but this cannot be done to advantage, unless under a teacher of equally rare gifts and abundant leisure, or through editions specially prepared for such use. I trust that you will have the requisite encouragement to proceed with a work so happily begun.

From the Examiner and Chronicle, N. Y.

We repeat what we have often said, that there is no edition of Shakespeare's which seems to us preferable to Mr. Rolfe's. As mere specimens of the printer's and binder's art they are unexcelled, and their other merits are equally high. Mr. Rolfe, having learned by the practical experience of the class-room what aid the average student really needs in order to read Shakespeare intelligently, has put just that amount of aid into his notes, and no more. Having said what needs to be said, he stops there. It is a rare virtue in the editor of a classic, and we are proportionately grateful for it.

From the N. Y. Times.

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